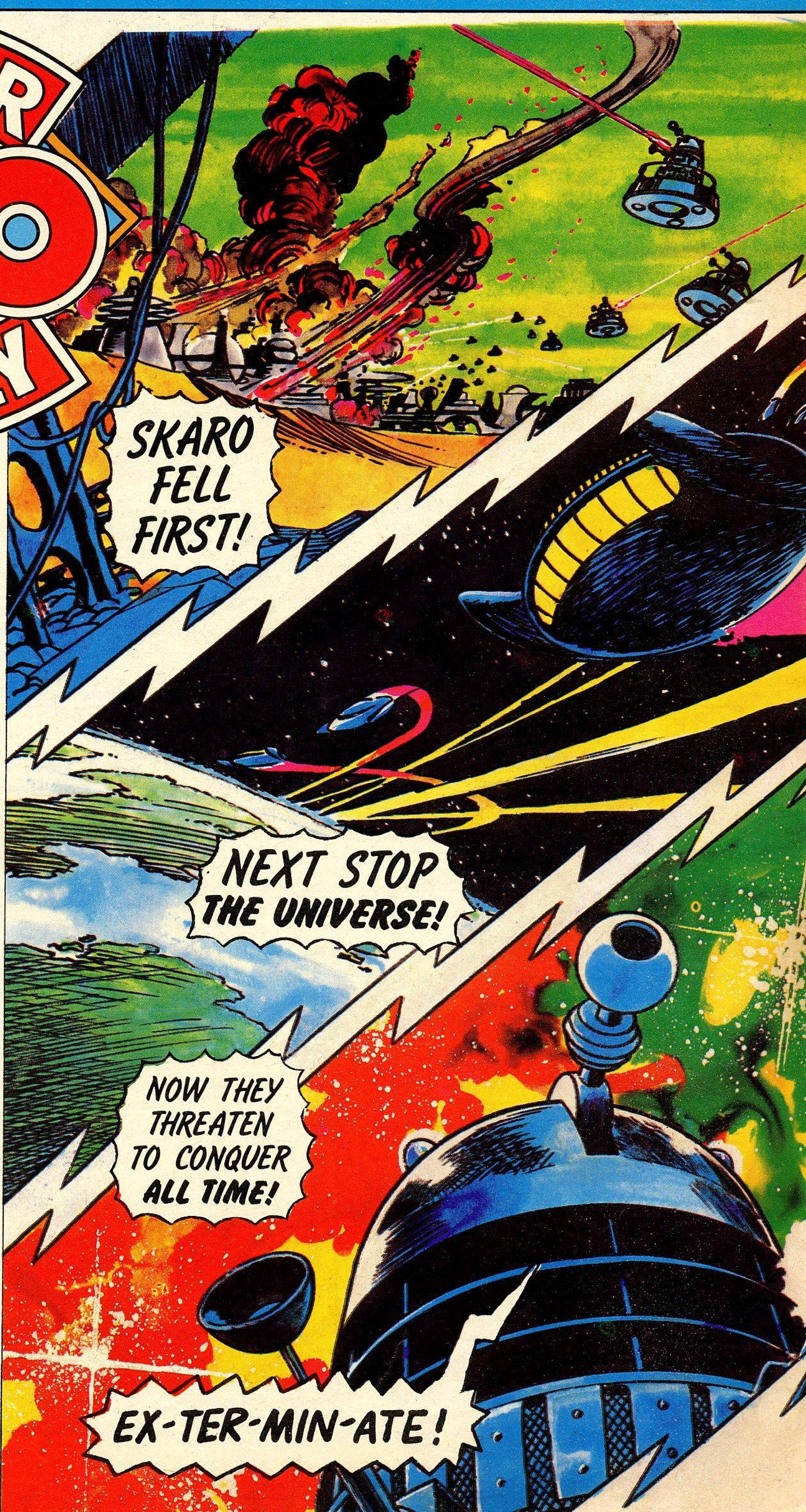
THRILLING ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE!

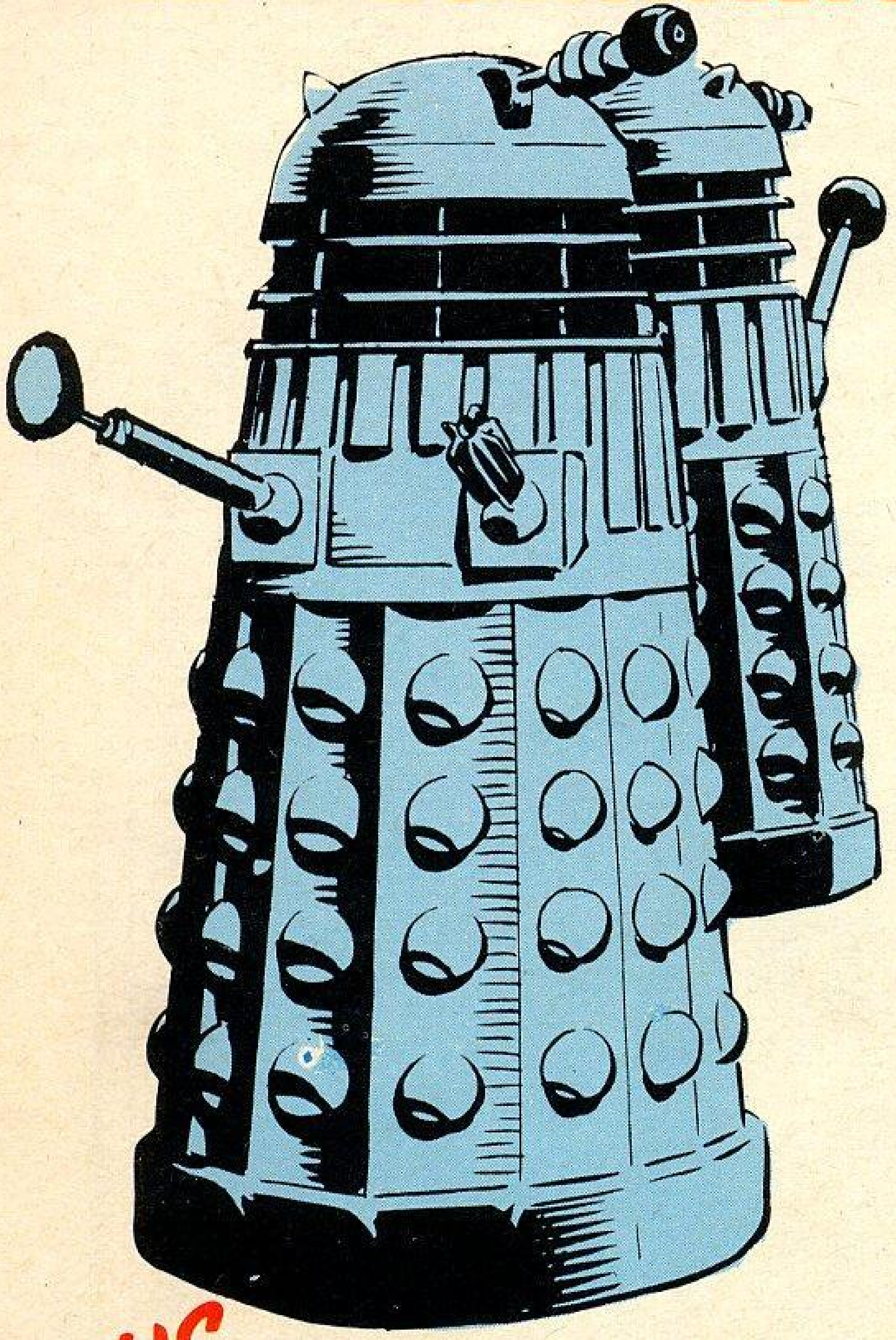
MARVEL COMICS
PRESENTS

28th MAY 1980 EVERY THURSDAY 12p

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY


SKARO
FELL
FIRST!
NEXT STOP
THE UNIVERSE!
NOW THEY
THREATEN
TO CONQUER
ALL TIME!
EX-TER-MIN-ATE!

STARTS TODAY!
THE DREAD TRUTH
OF THE DALEK
RISE TO POWER!
EPISODE ONE
"THE BEGINNING"



PLUS NEWS
FEATURES AND
PICTURE STRIPS!

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

NUMBER 33

Editor: Paul Neary
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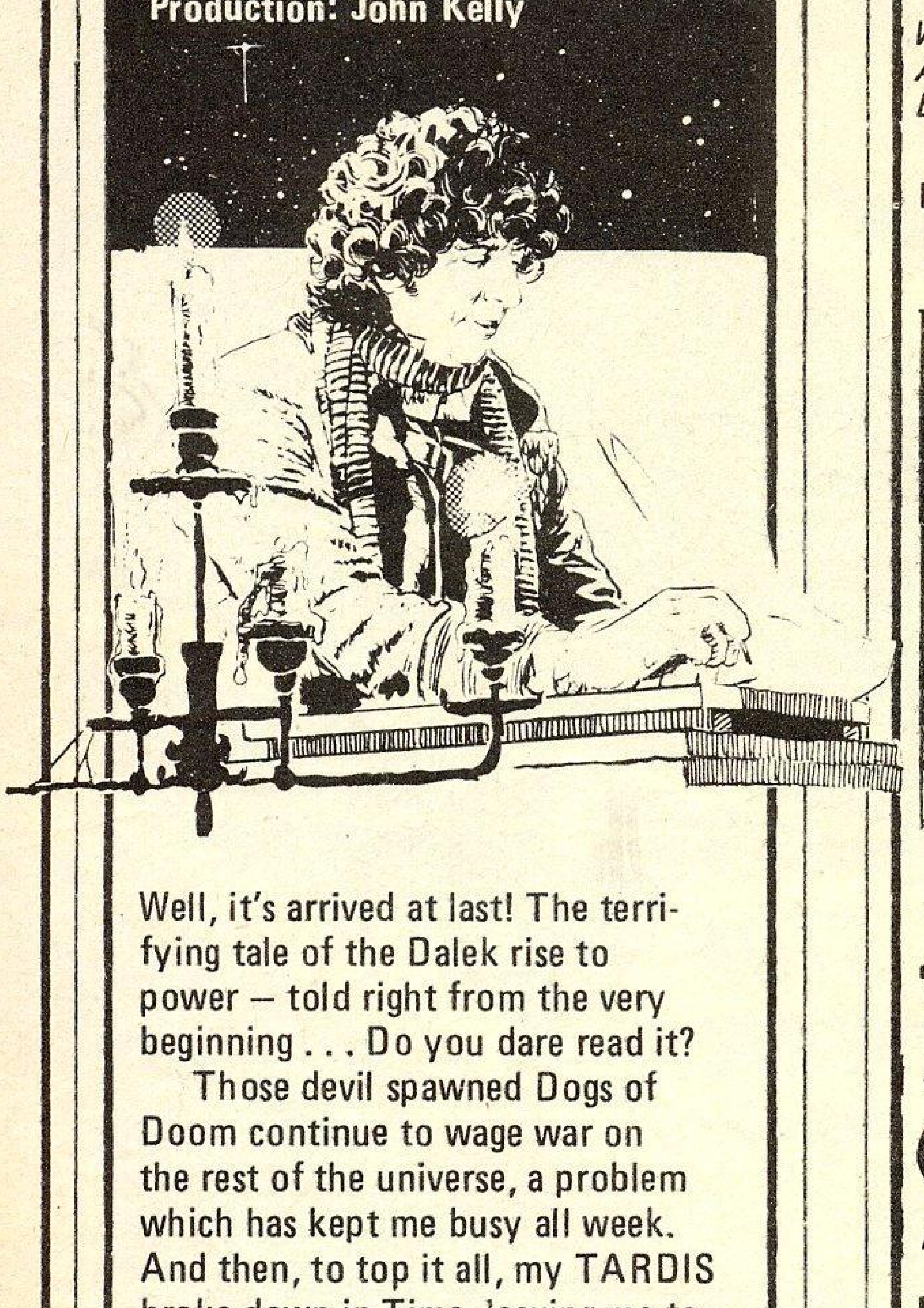

Well, it's arrived at last! The terrifying tale of the Dalek rise to power – told right from the very beginning . . . Do you dare read it?

Those devil spawned Dogs of Doom continue to wage war on the rest of the universe, a problem which has kept me busy all week. And then, to top it all, my TARDIS broke down in Time, leaving me to face one of the most hideous, brutish creatures, I had ever seen – even K-9 looked a little shaken!

With news, facts, stories, thrills and adventures, its been quite an issue, but then you'd better see that for yourself . . .

Happy times and places,

The Doctor

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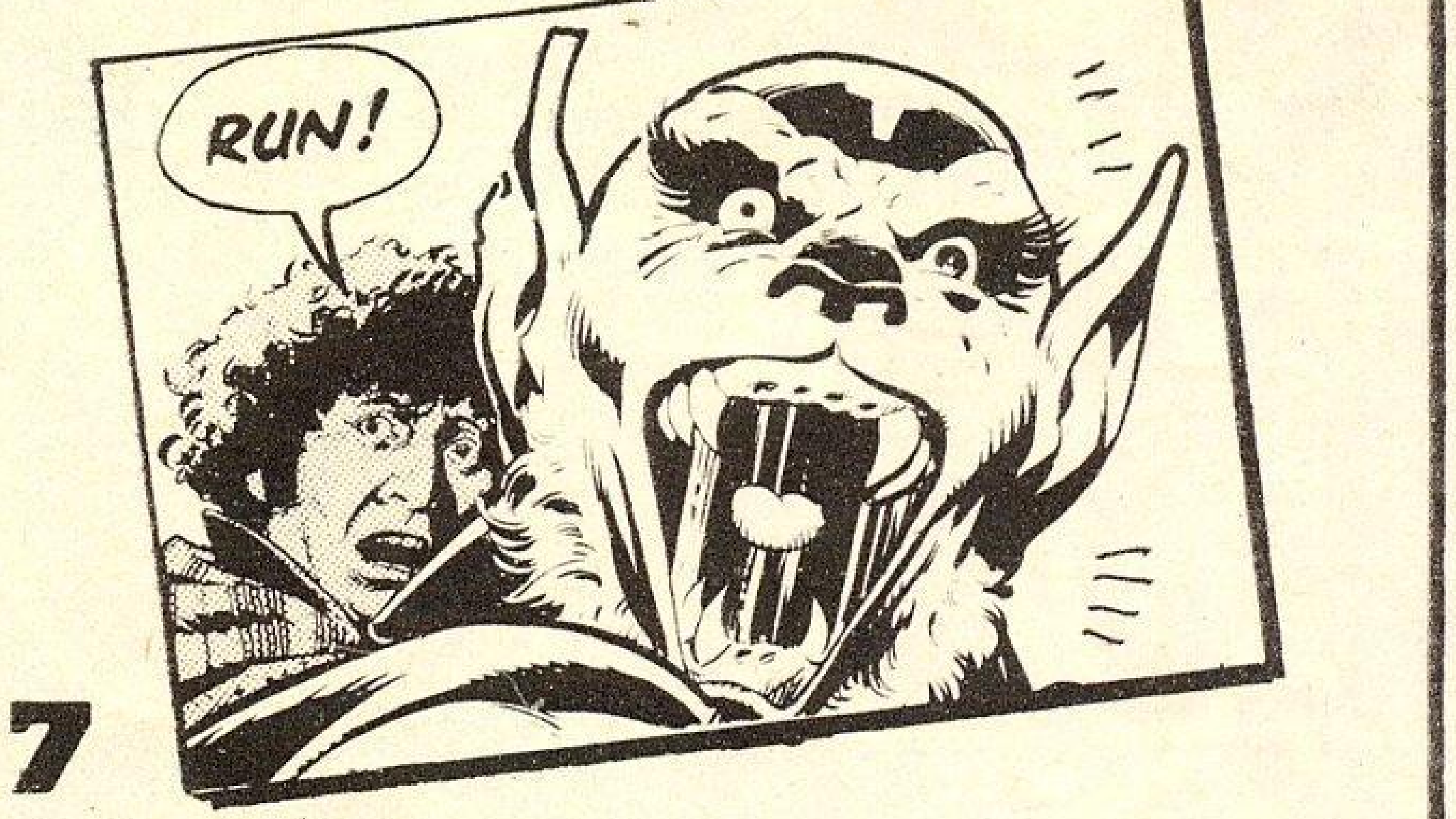

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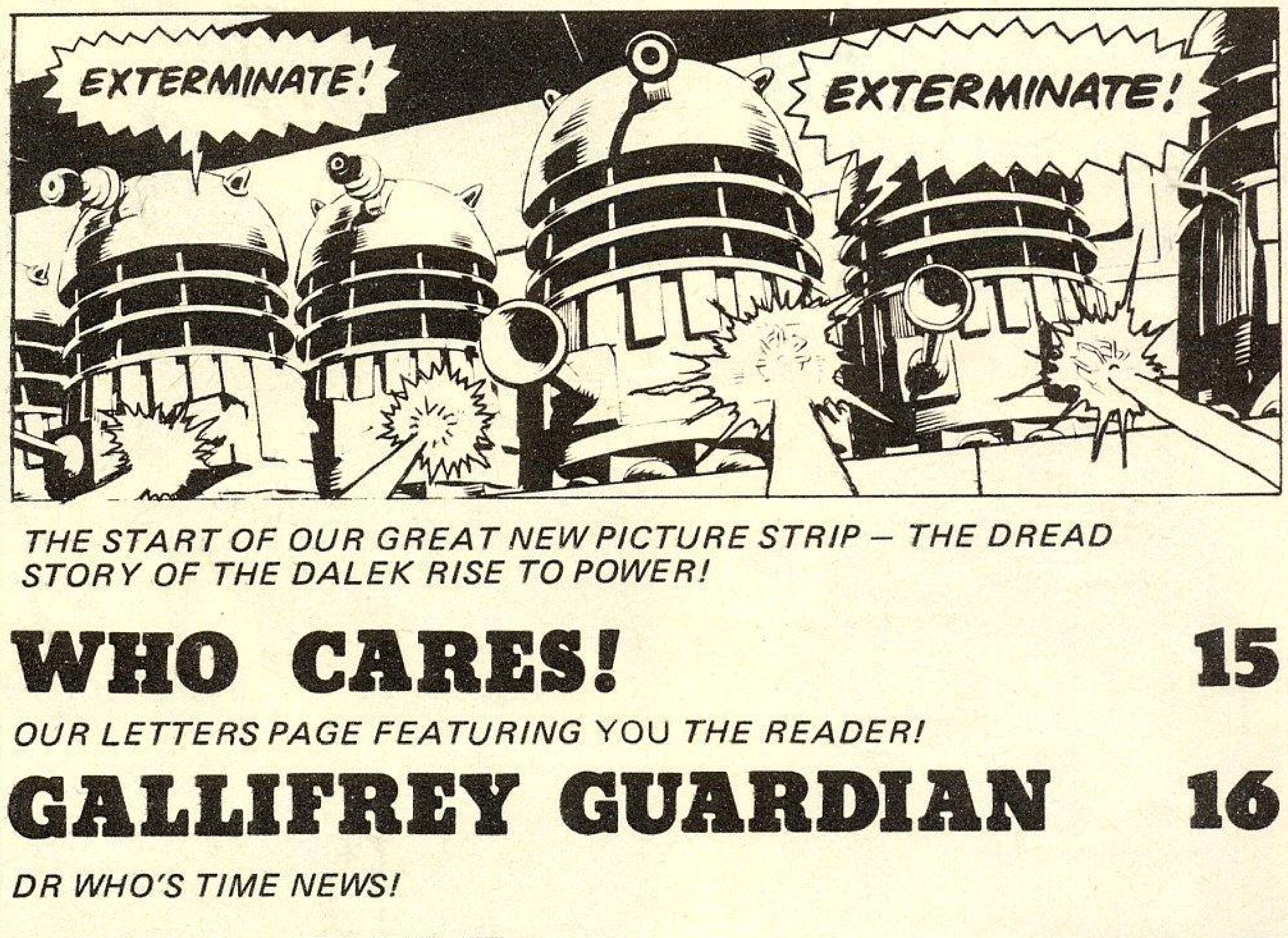
EXTERMINATE!
EXTERMINATE!

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CAN ANYTHING BE DONE TO SAVE SHIRO'S VICTIMS FROM ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH?

Another HaCsA Scan by Gothman

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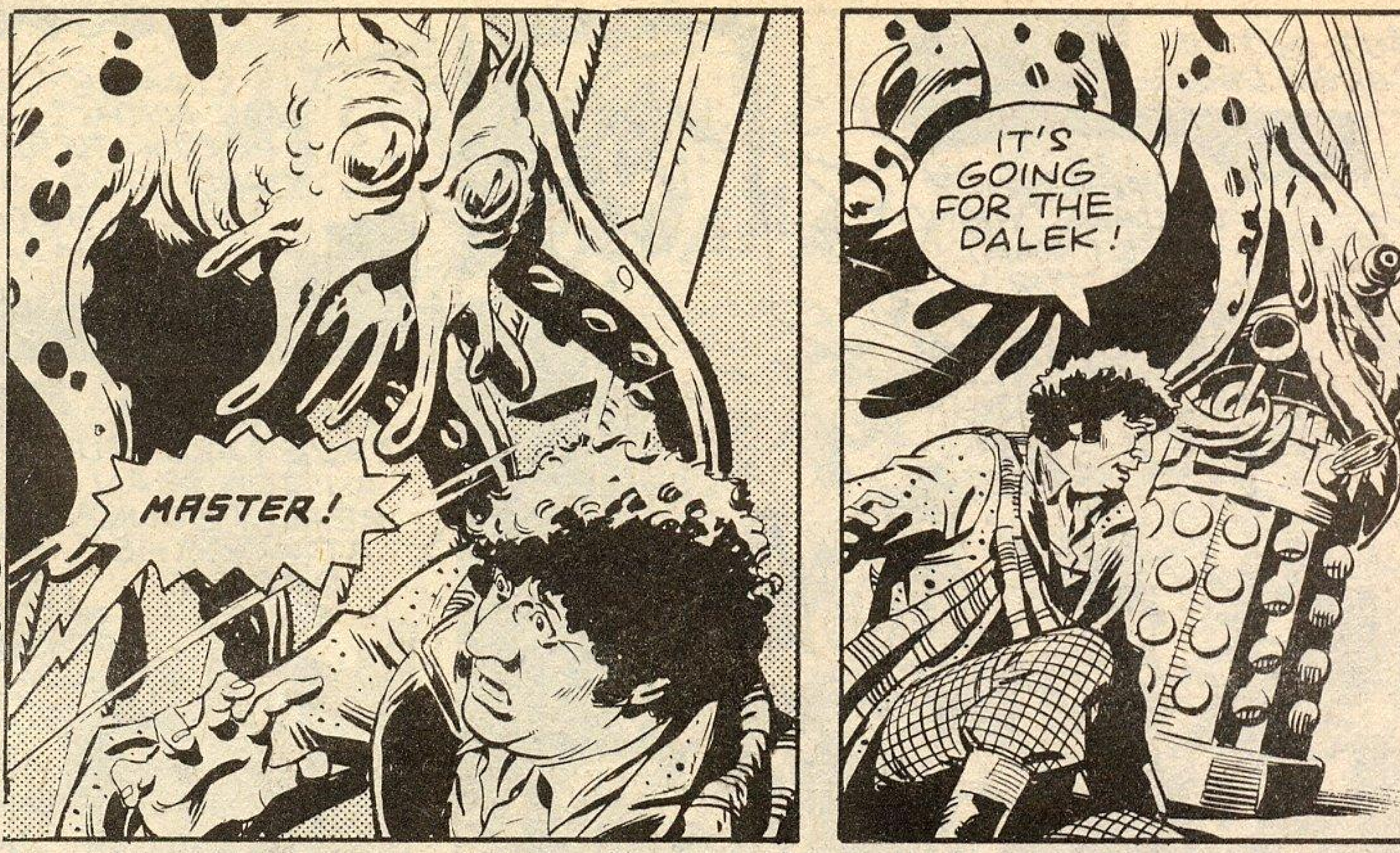
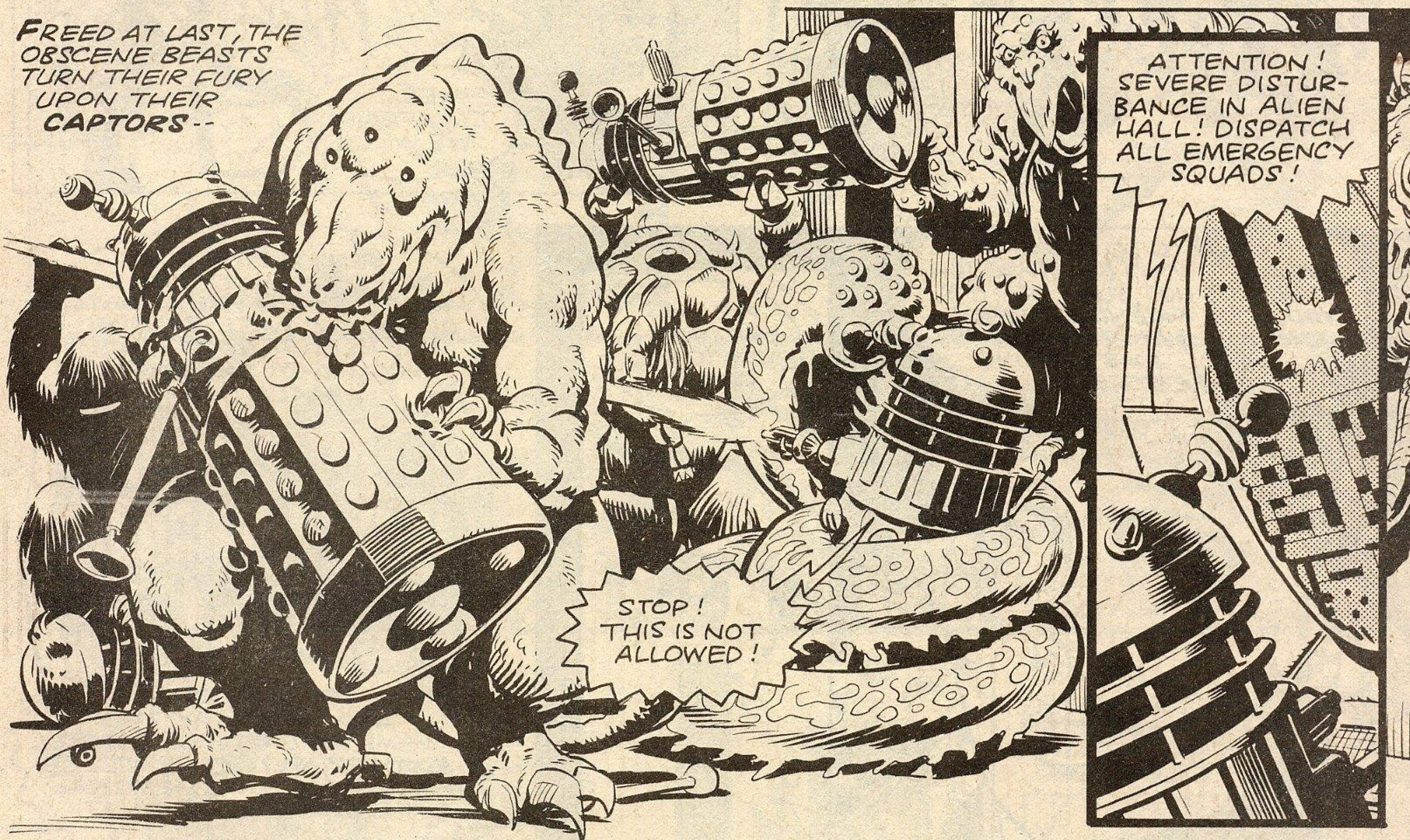
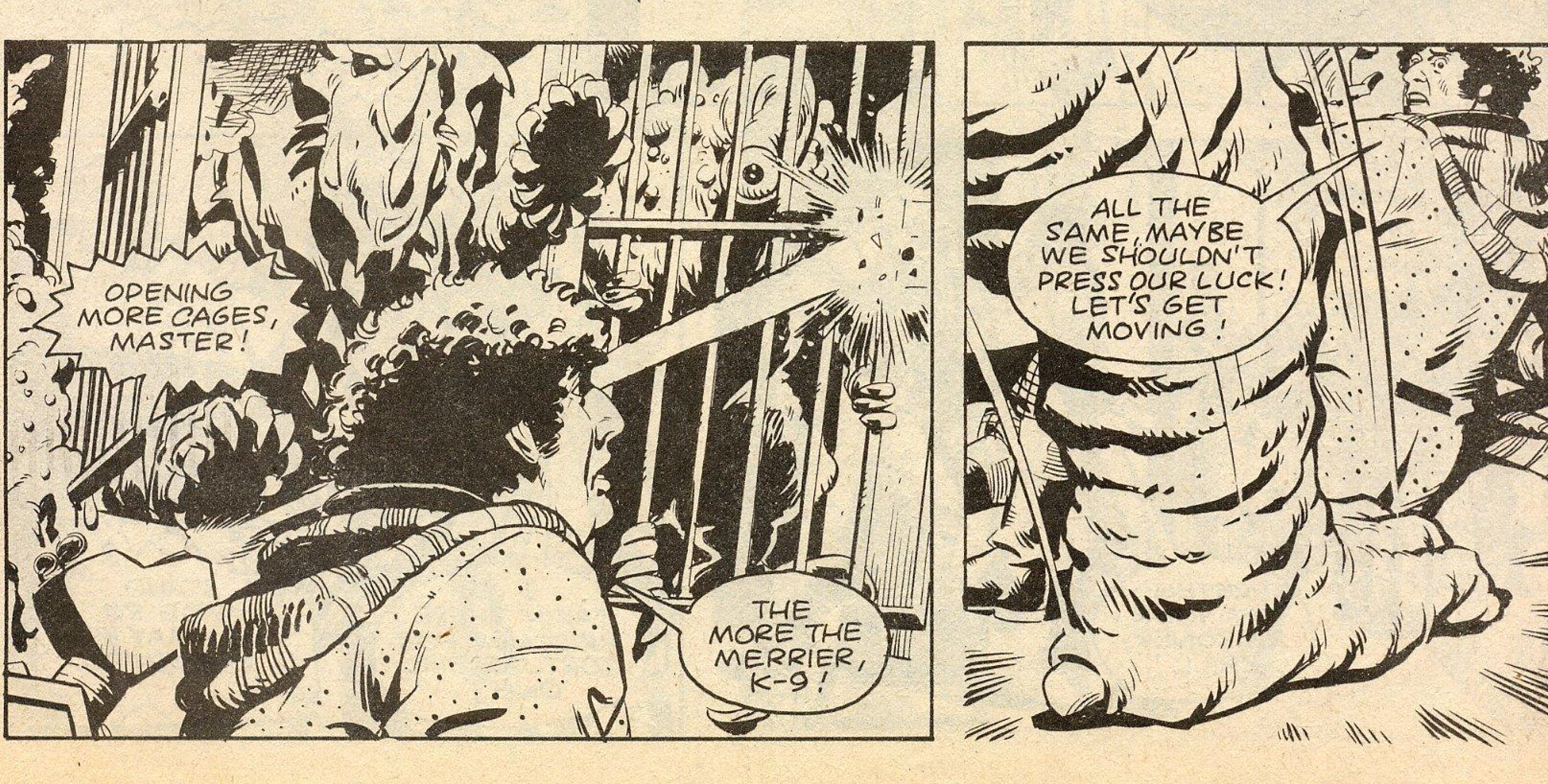
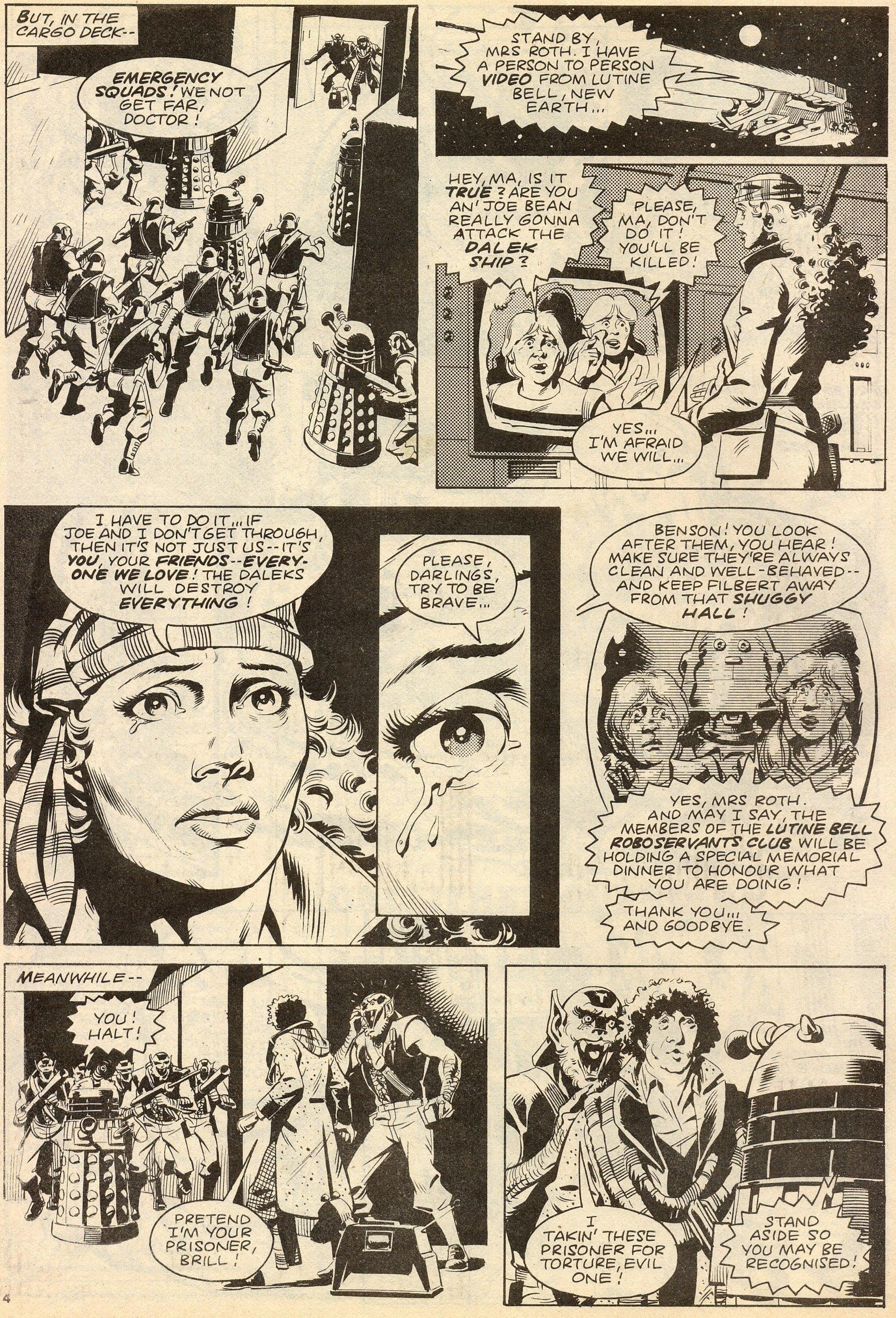
DOCTOR WHO AND THE DOGS of DOOM

THE DALEKS AND THEIR WERELOK HENCHMEN ARE ATTACKING THE NEW EARTH SYSTEM. SPACE TRUCKERS JOE BEAN AND BABE ROTH PREPARE TO RAM THE DALEK BATTLECRAFT IN A DESPERATE SUICIDE MISSION. BUT –

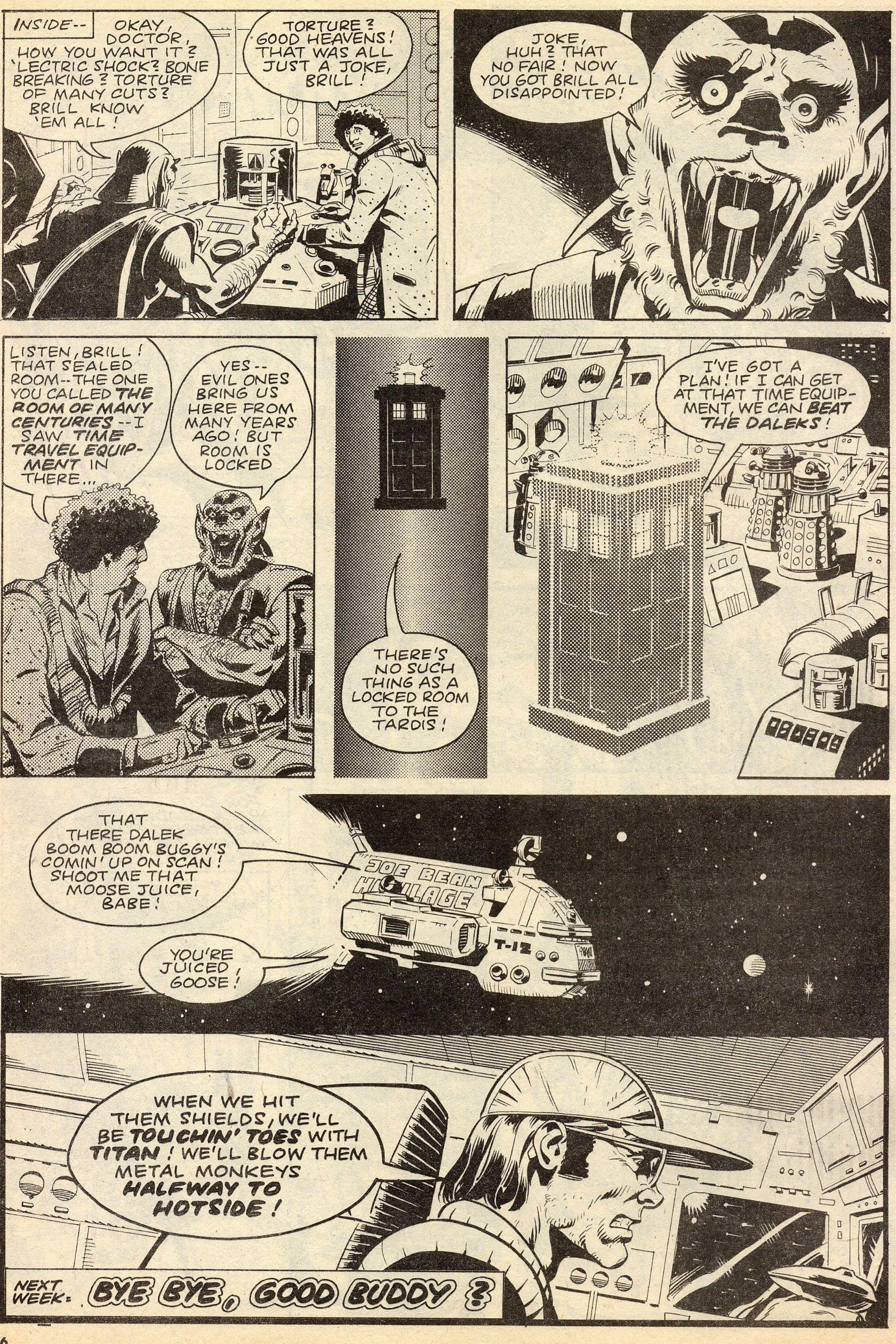

MASTER!
IT'S GOING FOR THE DALEK!

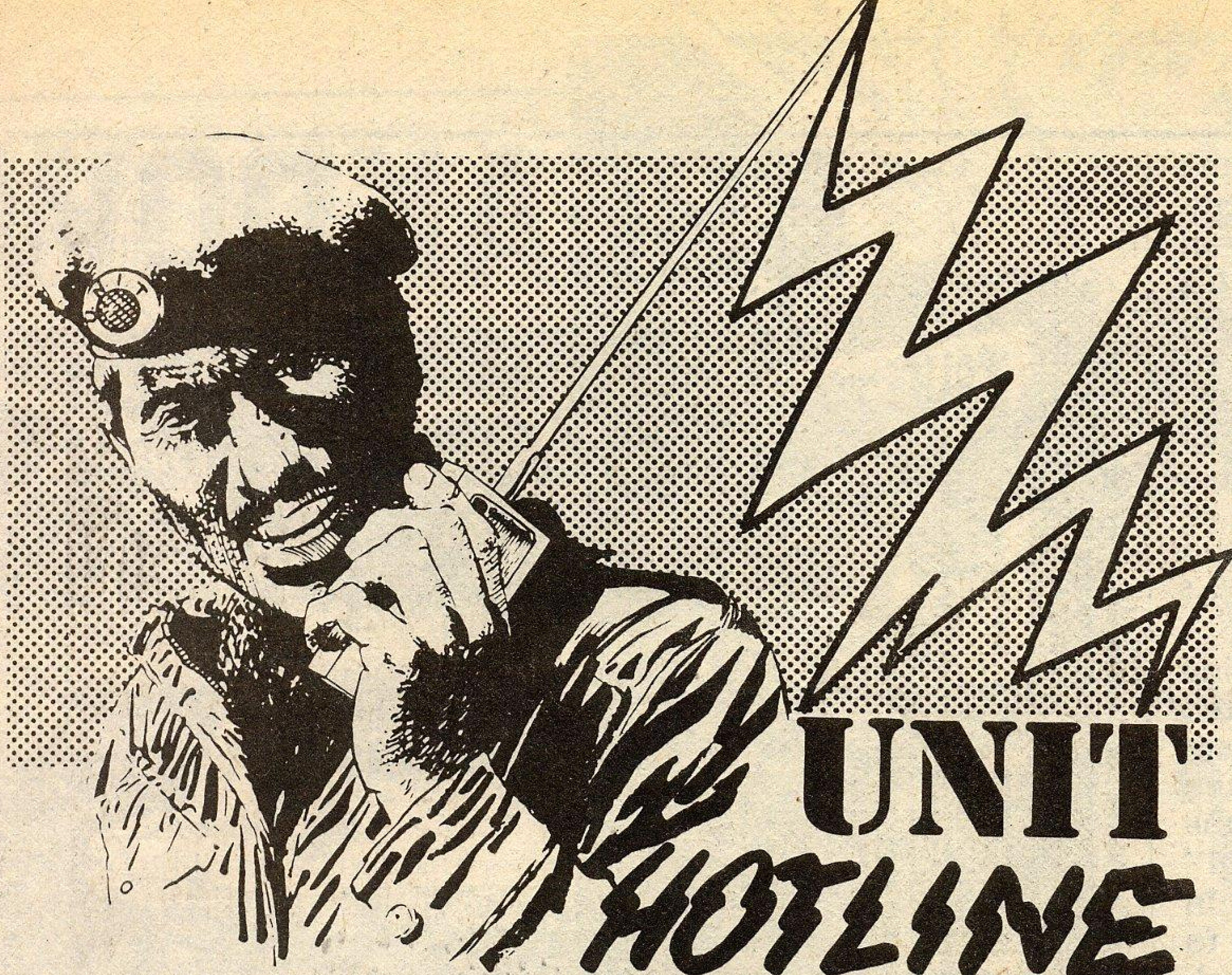

FREED AT LAST, THE OBSCENE BEASTS TURN THEIR FURY UPON THEIR CAPTORS--
STOP! THIS IS NOT ALLOWED!
ATTENTION! SEVERE DISTURBANCE IN ALIEN HALL! DISPATCH ALL EMERGENCY SQUADS!


OPENING MORE CAGES, MASTER!
THE MORE THE MERRIER, K-9!
ALL THE SAME, MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T PRESS OUR LUCK! LET'S GET MOVING!


BUT, IN THE CARGO DECK--
EMERGENCY SQUADS! WE NOT GET FAR, DOCTOR!
STAND BY, MRS ROTH. I HAVE A PERSON TO PERSON VIDEO FROM LUTINE BELL, NEW EARTH...
HEY, MA, IS IT TRUE? ARE YOU AN' JOE BEAN REALLY GONNA ATTACK THE DALEK SHIP?
PLEASE, MA, DON'T DO IT! YOU'LL BE KILLED!
YES... I'M AFRAID WE WILL...
I HAVE TO DO IT... IF JOE AND I DON'T GET THROUGH, THEN IT'S NOT JUST US--IT'S YOU, YOUR FRIENDS--EVERYONE WE LOVE! THE DALEKS WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING!
PLEASE, DARLINGS, TRY TO BE BRAVE...
BENSON! YOU LOOK AFTER THEM, YOU HEAR! MAKE SURE THEY'RE ALWAYS CLEAN AND WELL-BEHAVED--AND KEEP FILBERT AWAY FROM THAT SHUGGY HALL!
YES, MRS ROTH. AND MAY I SAY, THE MEMBERS OF THE LUTINE BELL ROBOSERVANTS CLUB WILL BE HOLDING A SPECIAL MEMORIAL DINNER TO HONOUR WHAT YOU ARE DOING!
THANK YOU... AND GOODBYE.
MEANWHILE--
YOU! HALT!
PRETEND I'M YOUR PRISONER, BRILL!
I TAKIN' THESE PRISONER FOR TORTURE, EVIL ONE!
STAND ASIDE SO YOU MAY BE RECOGNISED!

SUDDENLY--
NRRAAAH!
ONE OF THE ALIENS!
SUBDUE IT! USE YOUR NET GUNS, YOU FOOLS!
NRAAAA!
I'D LOVE TO STAY, BUT I'M IN RATHER A HURRY TO GET TO MY TORTURE!
WHAT..? UH, YEAH, THAT RIGHT! BRANDIN' IRONS PROB'LY GETTIN' COLD!
EXTERMINATE THEM!
GOT TO GET TO THE TARDIS --HURRY!
THEY'VE LEFT GUARDS!
ONLY THREE! BRILL TAKE 'EM WIT' ONE CLAW!
FOR BRILL, FEARED PACK LEADER OF THE FESTERING FORTY NINTH, THE GUARDS ARE CHILD'S PLAY--
WHAT'S HAPPENING, K-9? I CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO LOOK!
YOU ARE WISE, MASTER! IT IS NOT PLEASANT!


INSIDE--
OKAY, DOCTOR, HOW YOU WANT IT? 'LECTRIC SHOCK? BONE BREAKING? TORTURE OF MANY CUTS? BRILL KNOW 'EM ALL!
TORTURE? GOOD HEAVENS! THAT WAS ALL JUST A JOKE, BRILL!
JOKE, HUH? THAT NO FAIR! NOW YOU GOT BRILL ALL DISAPPOINTED!
LISTEN, BRILL! THAT SEALED ROOM--THE ONE YOU CALLED THE ROOM OF MANY CENTURIES--I SAW TIME TRAVEL EQUIPMENT IN THERE...
YES-- EVIL ONES BRING US HERE FROM MANY YEARS AGO! BUT ROOM IS LOCKED
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A LOCKED ROOM TO THE TARDIS!
I'VE GOT A PLAN! IF I CAN GET AT THAT TIME EQUIPMENT, WE CAN BEAT THE DALEKS!
THAT THERE DALEK BOOM BOOM BUGGY'S COMIN' UP ON SCAN! SHOOT ME THAT MOOSE JUICE, BABE!
JOE BEAN HAULAGE
T-12
YOU'RE JUICED, GOOSE!
WHEN WE HIT THEM SHIELDS, WE'LL BE TOUCHIN' TOES WITH TITAN! WE'LL BLOW THEM METAL MONKEYS HALFWAY TO HOTSIDE!
NEXT WEEK: BYE BYE, GOOD BUDDY?



UNIT HOTLINE

Attention all UNIT undercover agents! Here is this weeks coded messages hot from HQ!

SECURITY CODE GREEN

FUGIR UZPEMWIGUEZ EZ
KMAIK UZFIKAMX PMEW
XBIME UX GE SA PEOZK EZ
DICA GAZ. TJ MAJOAXG
GTIG IRR WAWSAMX MAIK
UG.

SECURITY CODE RED

JRPRNSRITU! NVGDG EDGIZ
FNRWLND IDLW
AARTMNYDU BCRGZ. PDXR
UVGCRZA AXGOR MJCLQI
CLMN TTLORN. TQR HGNR
SILQ GLI FNRV HGCRND!

SPECIAL OFFER!

After many days of conference and debate, the Brigadier has just agreed with publishers **Denis Alan Print**, to allow all members of UNIT to buy a set of their exclusive Dr. Who cards at **half** the normal price — **only £3.50**!! (which includes the postage and packing).

UNIT's scientific advisor, code name — the Doctor, has advised all members to take advantage of this offer. He instructed me to pass on the following message:

"I think UNIT will find all 18 of these beautiful colour cards will come in very handy . . . . for sending secret messages, for wishing fellow members a happy birthday etc.. etc... and besides that chap on the front of the cards, with the long scarf, is a most likeable fellow!!"

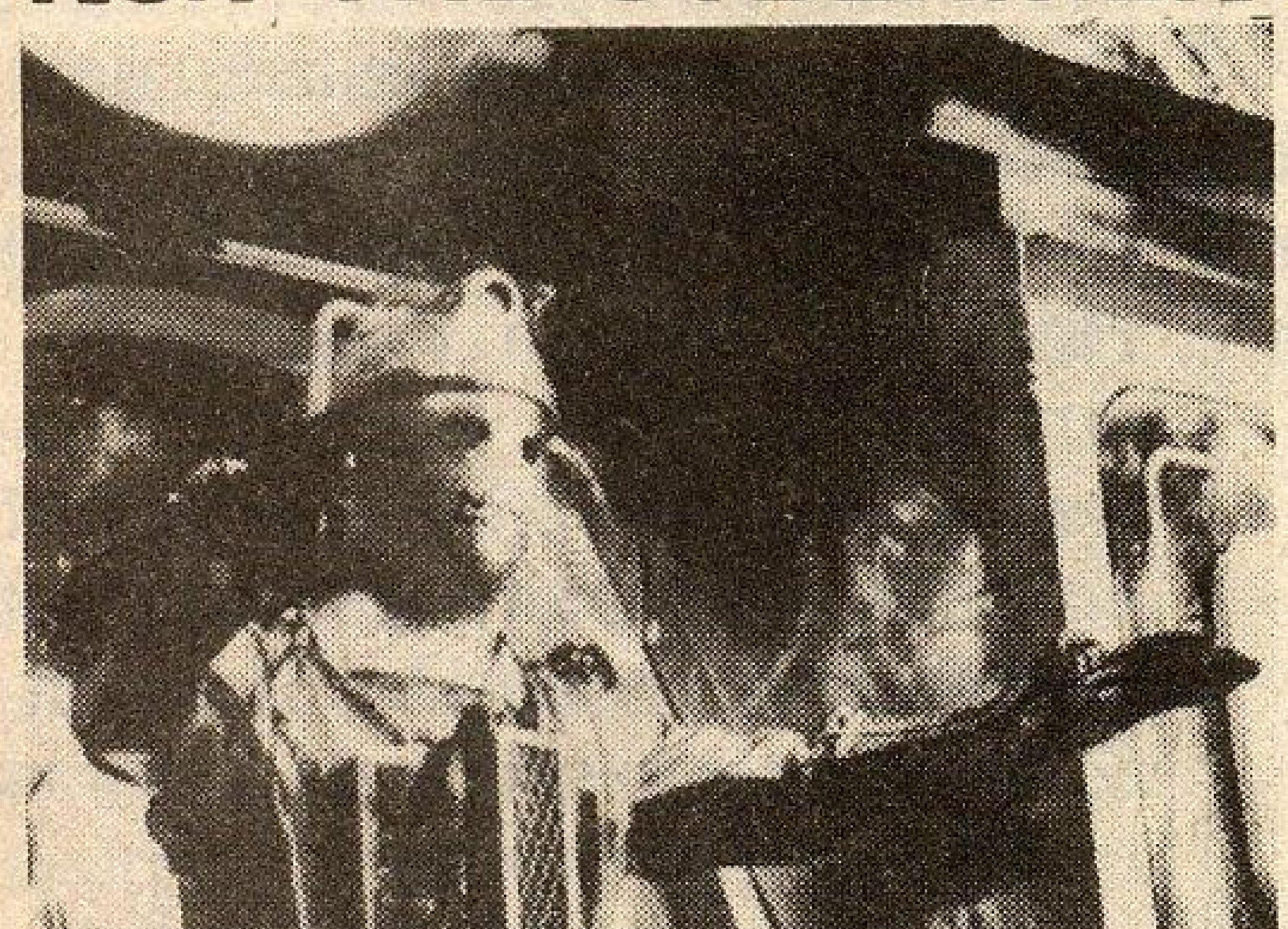
So, all agents of UNIT, to order a complete set of these cards and take advantage of this special offer all you have to do is send a cheque or P.O. for £3.50 to:

DENIS ALAN PRINT LTD; (UNIT OFFER)
UPPER FLOOR OFFICES, 10 BUCKLERSBURY
HITCHIN, HERTS. SG5 1BB

And do not forget to include your UNIT membership number with your order . . . . after all we don't want any of these cards to fall into enemy hands!!

No.7 THE CYBERMEN

KNOW YOUR ENEMY



SUBJECT: The Cybermen

PLANET OF ORIGIN: Mondas, later migrating in mass to the planet Telos.

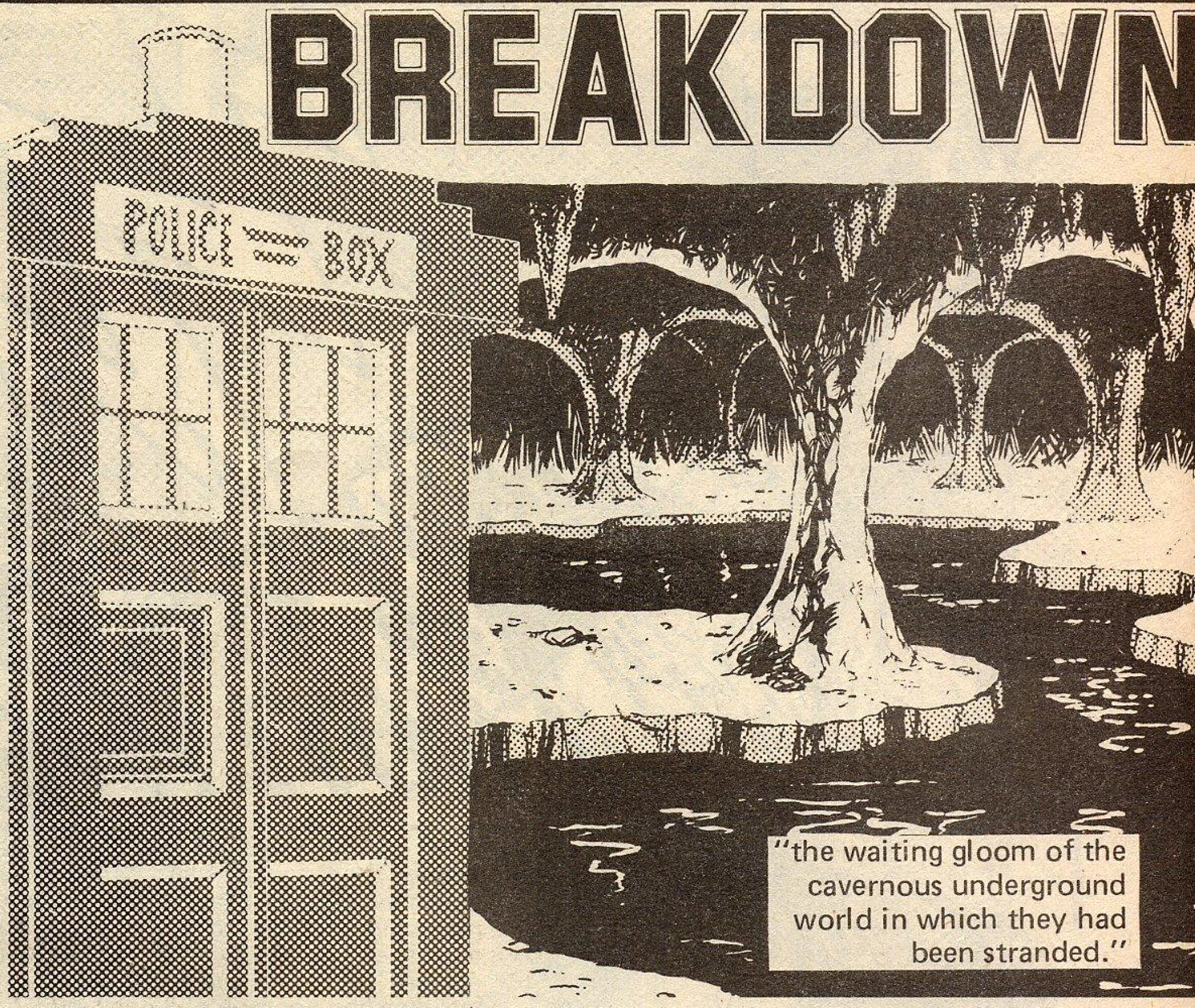
WEAPONARY: Hand-held cyber-guns, multiple-barrelled bracket gun mounted in head unit, laser rifles, hypnotic beams.

SOCIAL STRUCTURE: Cybermen are responsible to their Cyber-leaders, denoted by black livery on head units. Supreme leader is the Cyber-controller based within the underground city on Telos.

HISTORY: UNIT's encounter with this logically precise species was its first experience against an alien form. The battle was hard fought with the Cybermen, for a while, in total control of England's capital. Analysis of fallen Cybermen after the battle revealed some interesting facts.

UNIT's scientific adviser — code-name the Doctor — warns of future raids by Cybermen on the planet Earth. Cybermen are a dying race seeking to survive by converting more humans into their own kind. In particular the Doctor warns of the appearance of the planet Mondas in our skies. In this event all UNIT centres will be placed on maximum alert!

BREAKDOWN



"the waiting gloom of the cavernous underground world in which they had been stranded."

The time travellers had descended into their own tale of mystery . . . and horror!

"What is the youth of the universe coming to!" demanded the Doctor in a desperate bid to attract his companion's attention away from a rather engrossing book of ghost stories. "I really can't see how a mere ghost story can be of more interest to a young girl just about to embark on a career of time travel, than a real-life adventure against the horrors of deepest space."

"Chance would be a fine thing," impatiently retorted Sharon. "We've been stuck here for over three hours. Broken down in time without even the remote chance of ever escaping!"

A thick silence lay heavily in the air. While Sharon returned to the realm of the supernatural, the Doctor began, once again, to chew anxiously through his ever-decreasing supply of jelly-babies.

The Time Lord was worried, far more worried than he was really prepared to admit. To run out of Xenetusite was a serious business, for that rare mineral, essential to the dematerialization process, was known only to exist on the Time Lord's home planet of Gallifrey.

"Master," began K-9, "an answer to the question of the missing Xenetusite does not lie within the ship itself. I therefore suggest an exploration of the planet on which we find ourselves."

The Doctor reluctantly agreed to the dog's proposals despite the view-screen's dark and inhospitable picture of the world outside the warm safety of the TARDIS.

Ten minutes later the three time travellers cautiously began their journey into the awaiting gloom of the cavernous underground world in which they had been stranded. Their footsteps echoed hollowly on the stone floor. The noise of dripping water greeted them from out of the darkness.

"It's just like my book," nervously whispered Sharon.

And then suddenly, as if in answer, a crow swooped down on them from the darkness above. Sharon screamed – this was worse than any book. The travellers had descended into their own tale of mystery . . . and horror!

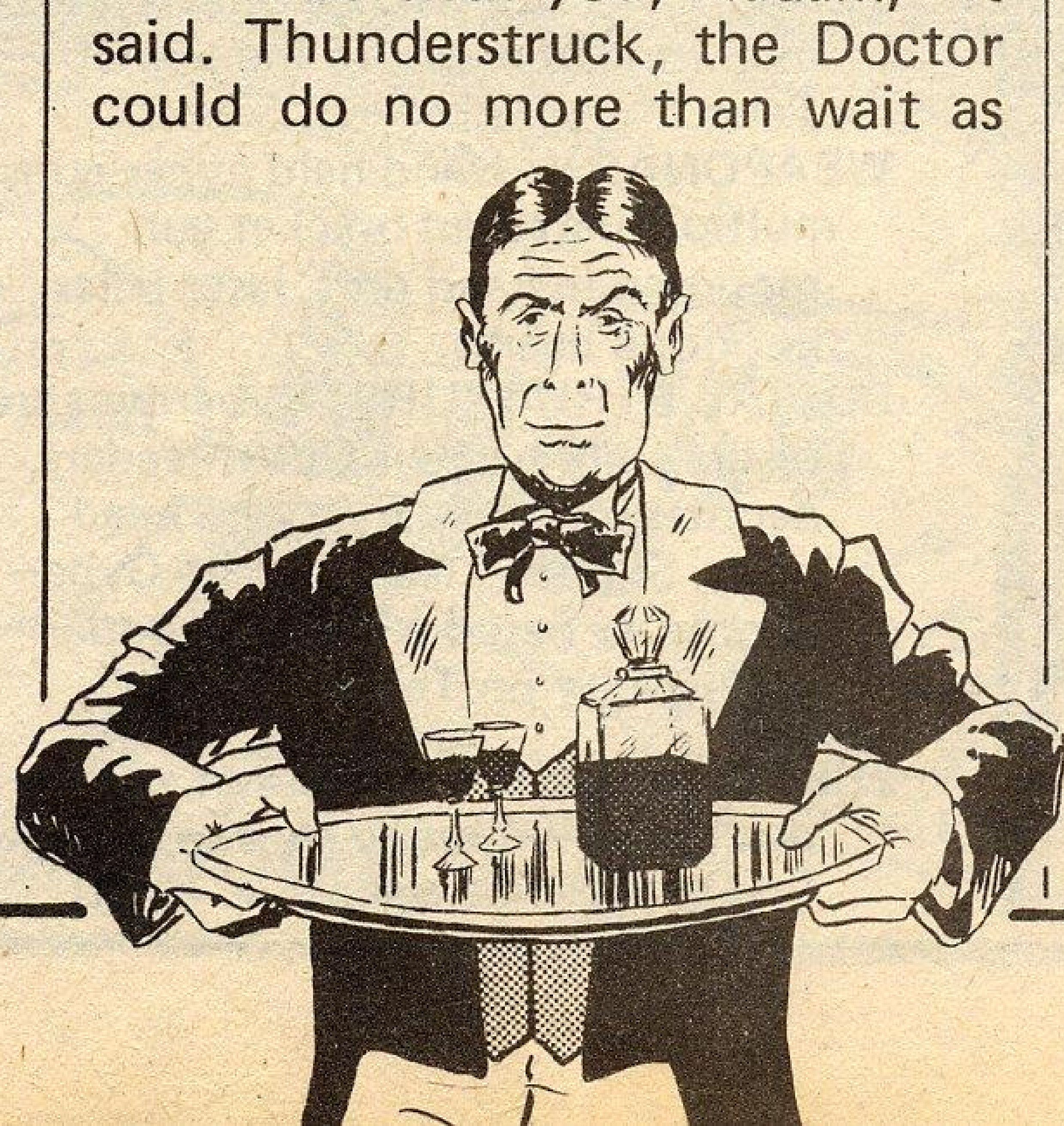
"Master," interrupted K-9. "Someone is approaching us . . . Advise extreme caution."

The small dog was right – as always. From somewhere up ahead came the ominous noise of slow but determined footsteps!

Pausing, the Doctor listened intently, laying a restraining hand on Sharon's shoulder . . .

Suddenly a spine-chilling sound reached their ears from the darkness . . . not the roar of a monster or the raucous sound of an imminent attack, but a human voice!

"I'll be with you, Madam," it said. Thunderstruck, the Doctor could do no more than wait as the owner of the voice emerged from the gloom . . .



Sharon was dumbfounded. The incongruous figure was just as she had imagined the sinister Mr Simkins from "The Butler's Revenge" by E.V. Creepwith – the book in which she had become so engrossed.

The curious butler, his eyes fixed determinely ahead, ignored the bewildered faces which peered out at him, and continued on his way.

"Gosh, Doctor!" exclaimed Sharon excitedly. "We've got to stop him – he's slipped cyanide into the decanter and is off, at this very moment to murder old Lady Covenand!"

The Doctor was astounded. How did Sharon know who the strange butler was, and more incredibly, that he was about to embark, decanter in hand, on a murderous errand? "It must be Sharon's wry sense of humour," he thought to himself.

"That's a relief," he remarked, "this place could quite easily be the home of something far more deadly. I was expecting at least the dread dragon from Sclaw!"

SWOOSH! A bolt of flame

suddenly lit up the darkness of the cavern revealing its terrifying glow the awesome shape of that same fire-breathing dragon from the Doctor's distant past.

"DOCTOR!" shouted Sharon over the deafening noise of the creature's sizzling breath.

"Don't worry Sharon," said the Doctor thoughtfully. He had begun to realise that the flame that licked his feet was the fire of his own imagination. The dragon was nothing but a memory from his past, somehow given reality through the strange powers of this cavernous world.

"I wonder," he murmured softly to himself . . . "Quick Sharon! Think of Xenetusite – concentrate on that mineral that we've just run out of!"

Together, the Doctor and his companion stood still, concentrating. In seconds the cavern was silent and dark. The dragon had just disappeared, leaving in its place a black shiny stone that would enable the time travellers to leave this world.

VAROOMP! VAROOMP! The sound of the TARDIS echoed along the now deserted caverns.

The TARDIS successfully dematerialized heading out for Gallifrey and a more permanent supply of Xenetusite!

"IT WORKS!" shouted Sharon excitedly. "It works!"

"It is only logical that it should work, Mistress," stated K-9 in his normal matter-of-fact monotone.

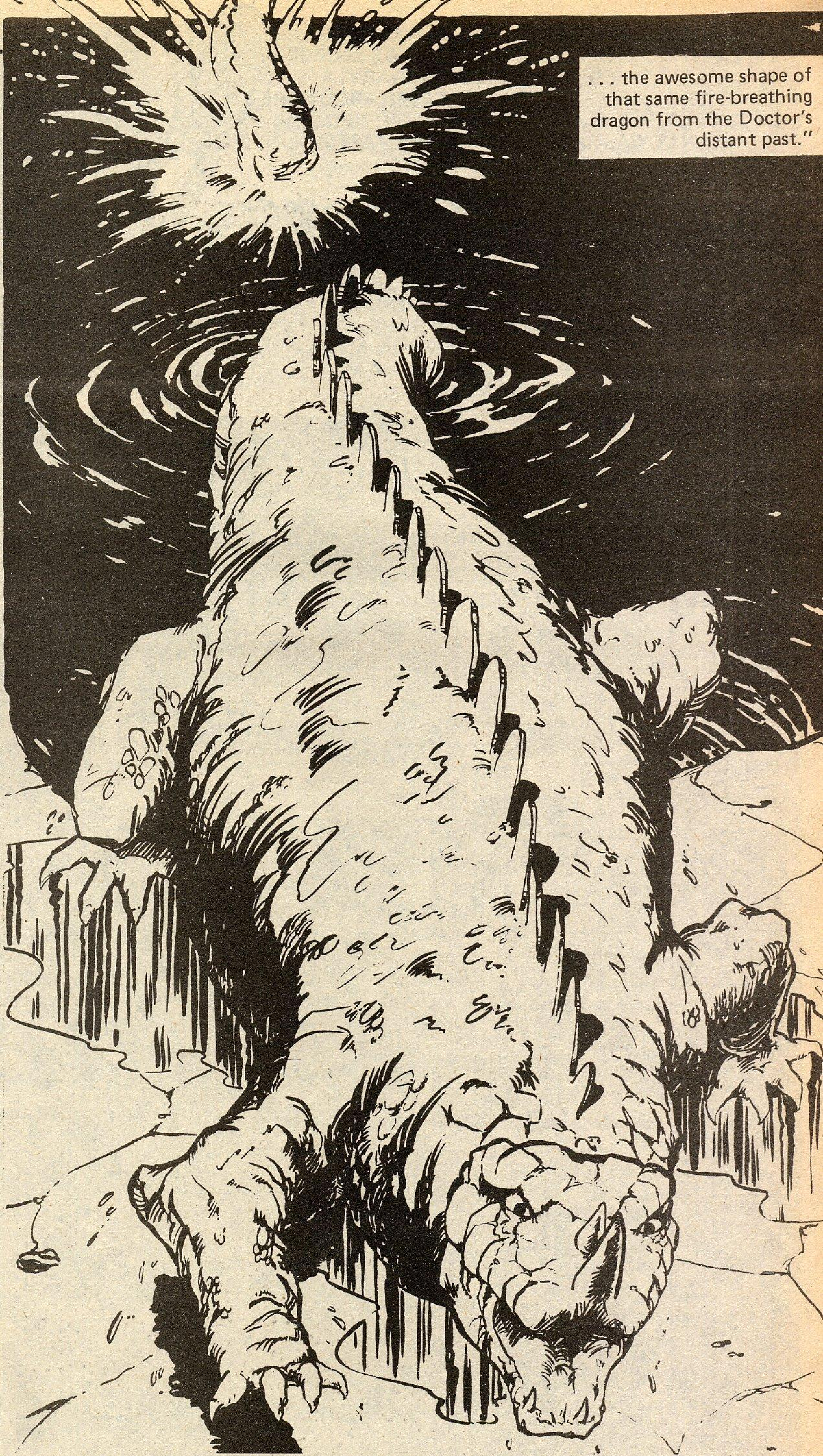
"Logical, old chap," agreed the Doctor, "if what we THOUGHT into existance was real Xenetusite."

"And it must have been . . . because it worked – it worked!" shouted the excited Sharon.

"It is only logical," began the dog again only to be silenced by an impatient wave of the Doctor's hand.

"I've *no doubt* it is," interrupted an increasingly irate Doctor, "but we have pressing business elsewhere . . ." So saying he took Sharon's book and dropped it into the matter disposal chute.

"My book!" she wailed, but it was too late. With a puff of smoke and gurgling whir, the disposal unit had done its work!



. . . the awesome shape of that same fire-breathing dragon from the Doctor's distant past."

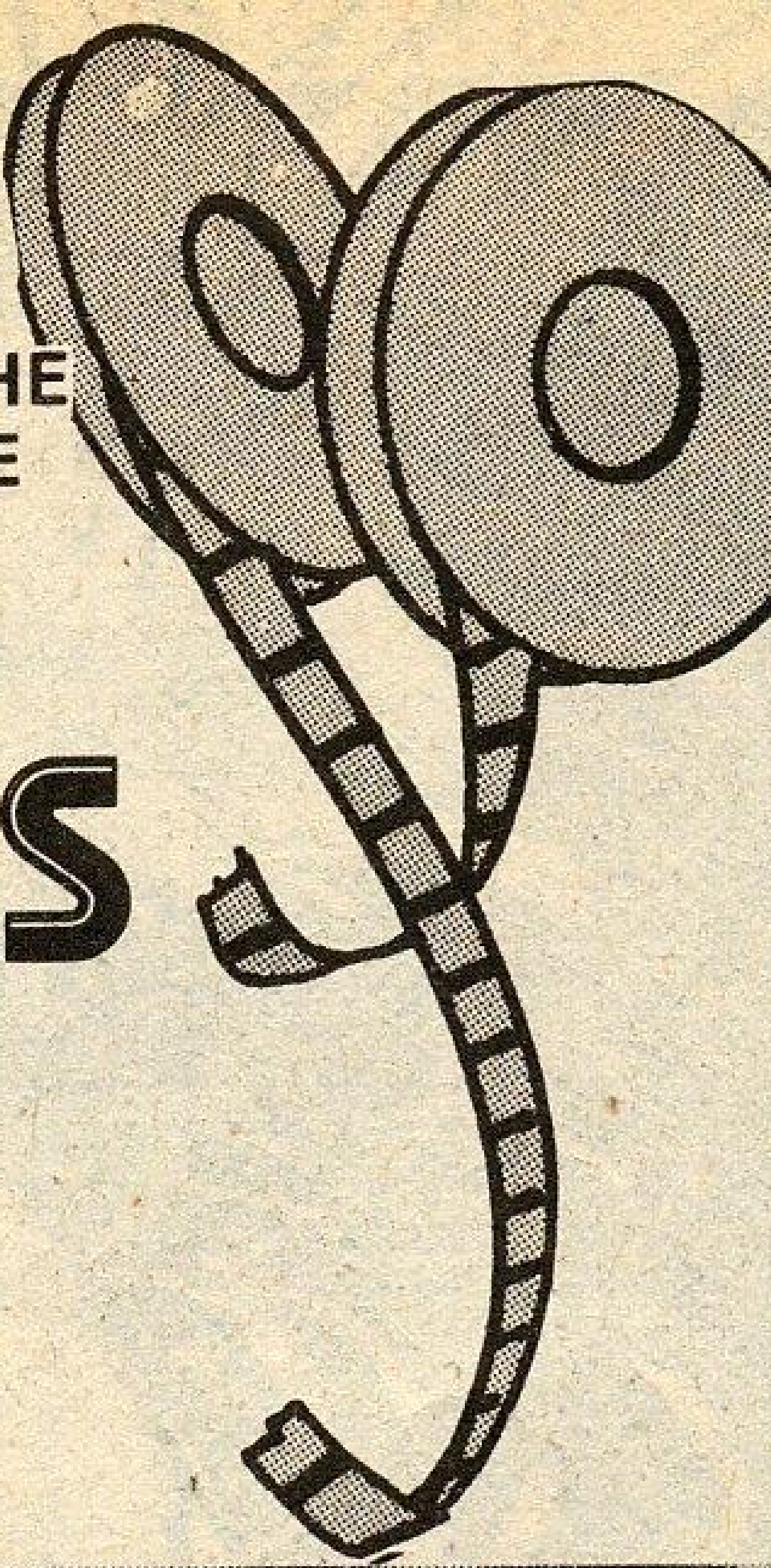
"We really must review your choice of reading matter," mused the Doctor turning to the central console . . . "In case we ever land there again . . ."

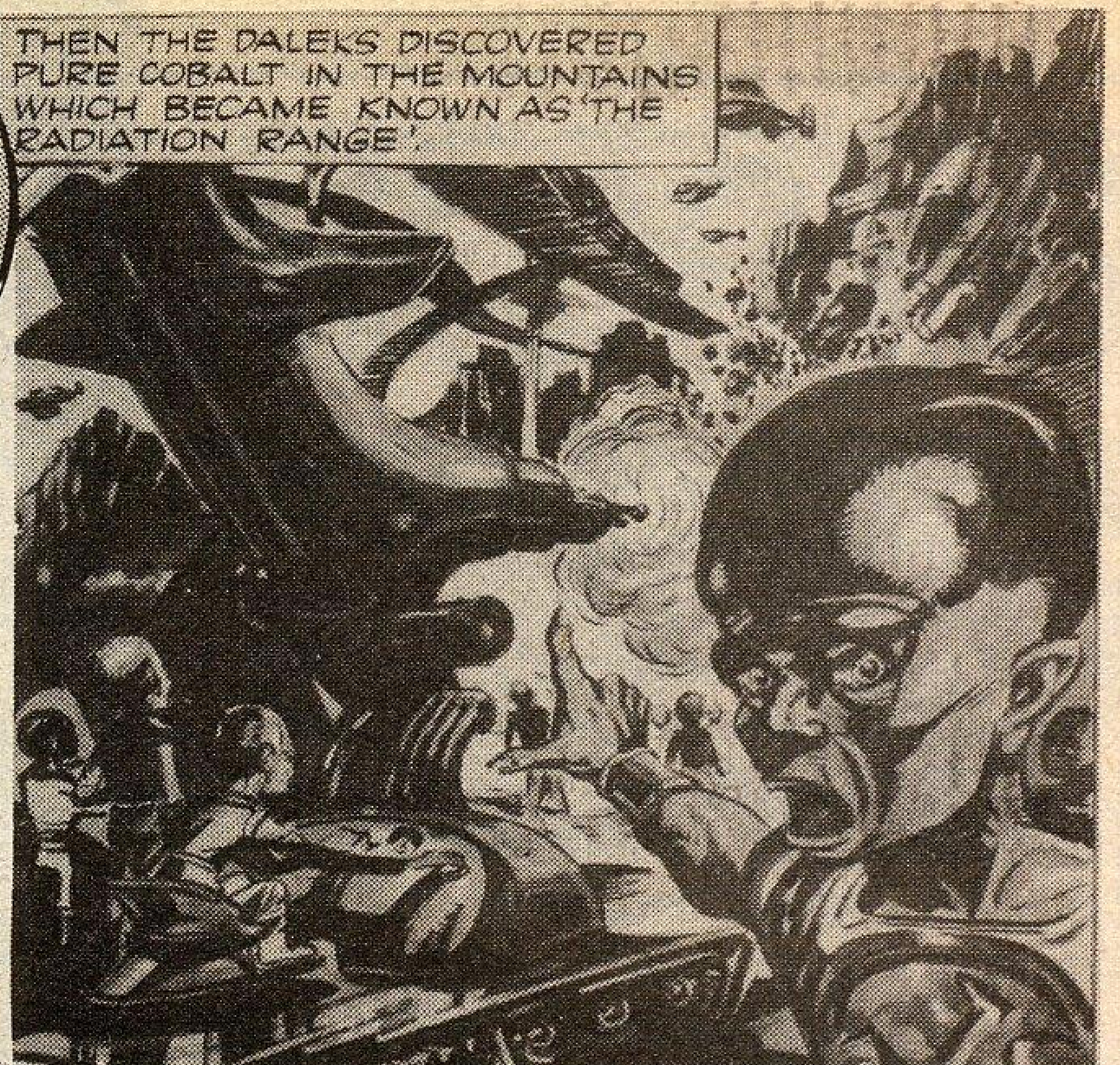
His voice trailed off and Sharon realised that further argument would come to nothing. The Doctor was already a million miles away.

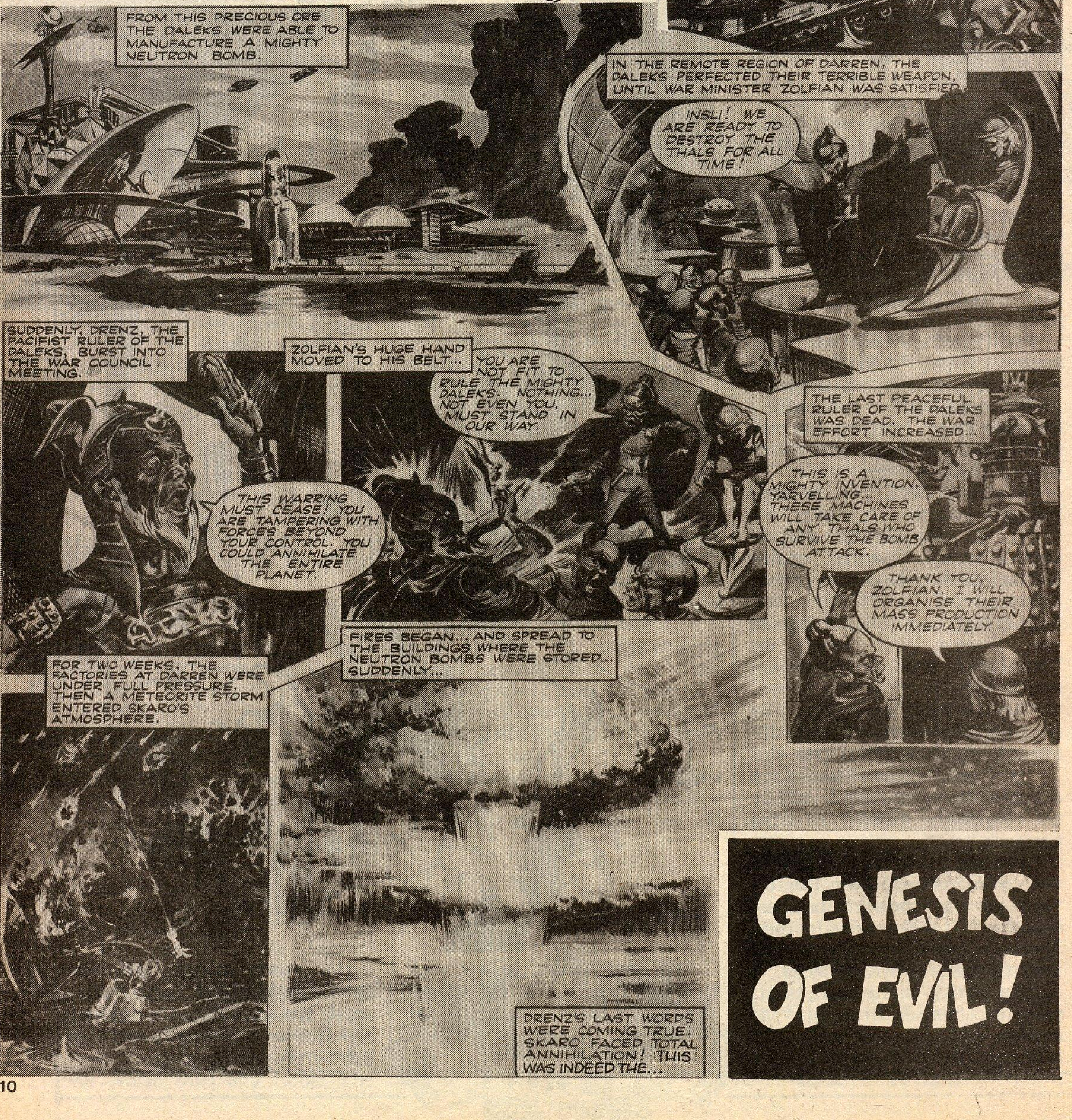
A LANDING BY THE DOCTOR ON A STRANGE TWILIGHT WORLD YIELDED A STRANGE SECRET! IN A MOULDERING, ANCIENT LIBRARY, A COMPREHENSIVE COLLECTION OF TAPES ABOUT THE HISTORY OF THE PLANET WERE DISCOVERED. THE PLANET WAS SKARO . . . AND THE TAPES KNOWN AS . . .

THE DALEK TAPES

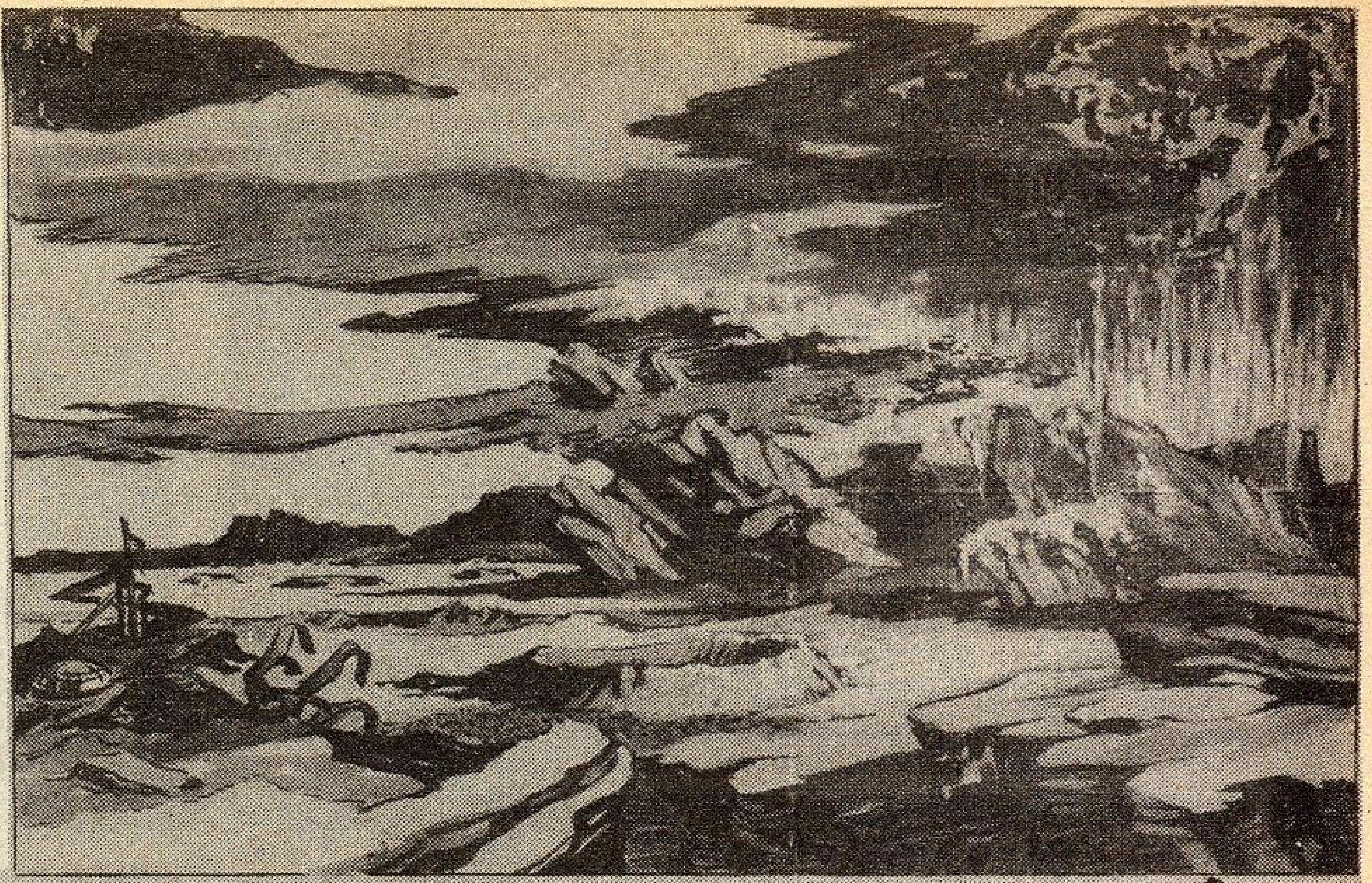
TAPE ONE TOLD OF THE EARLY MYSTERY OF THE DALEKS IN THEIR HUMANOID FORM, BEFORE THEY BECAME THE MECHANICAL MONSTERS THAT WE NOW KNOW AND FEAR! IN THE YEAR 2003, ALL WAS PEACEFUL ON SKARO . . .

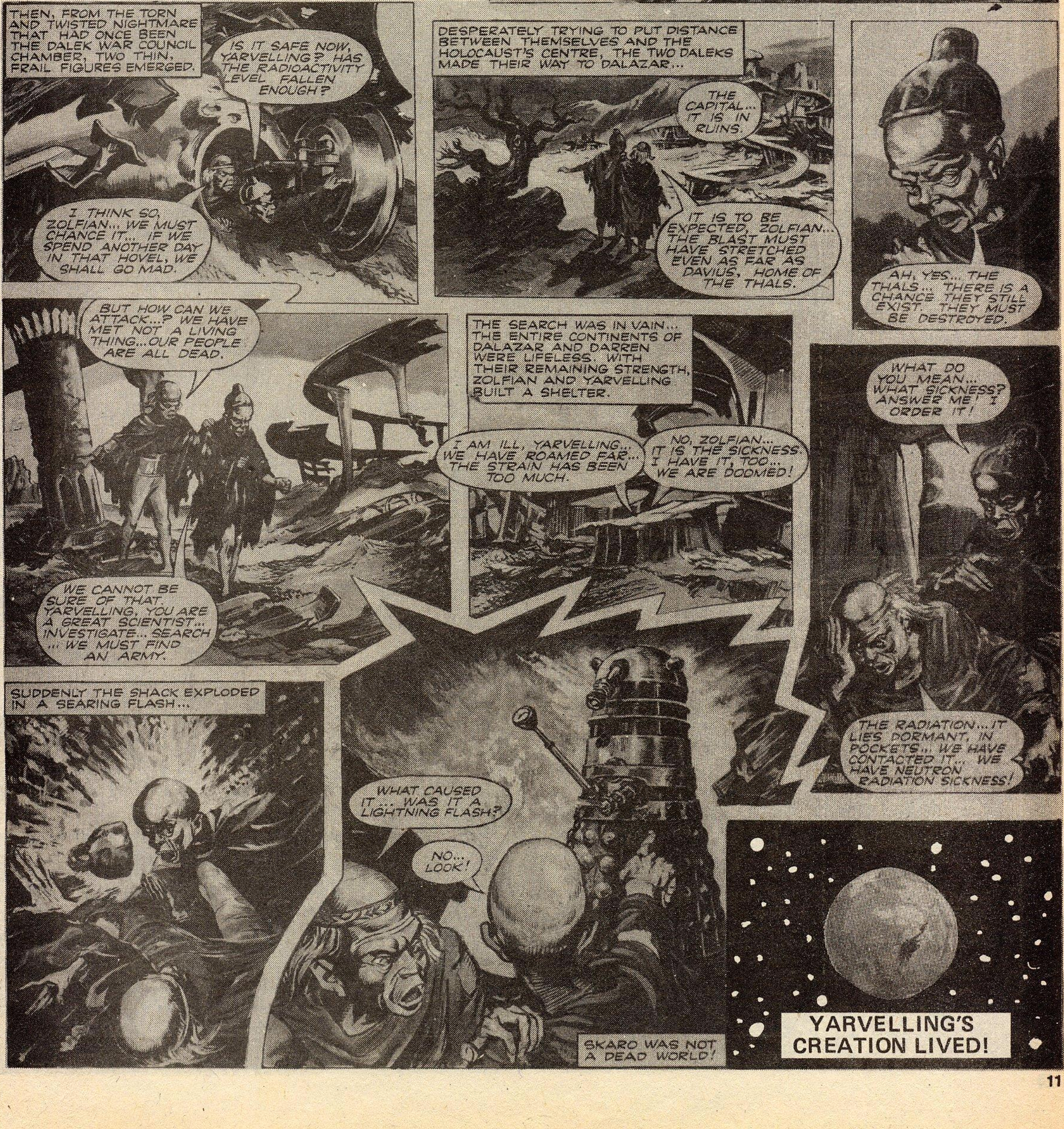



THEN THE DALEKS DISCOVERED PURE COBALT IN THE MOUNTAINS WHICH BECAME KNOWN AS 'THE RADIATION RANGE'.

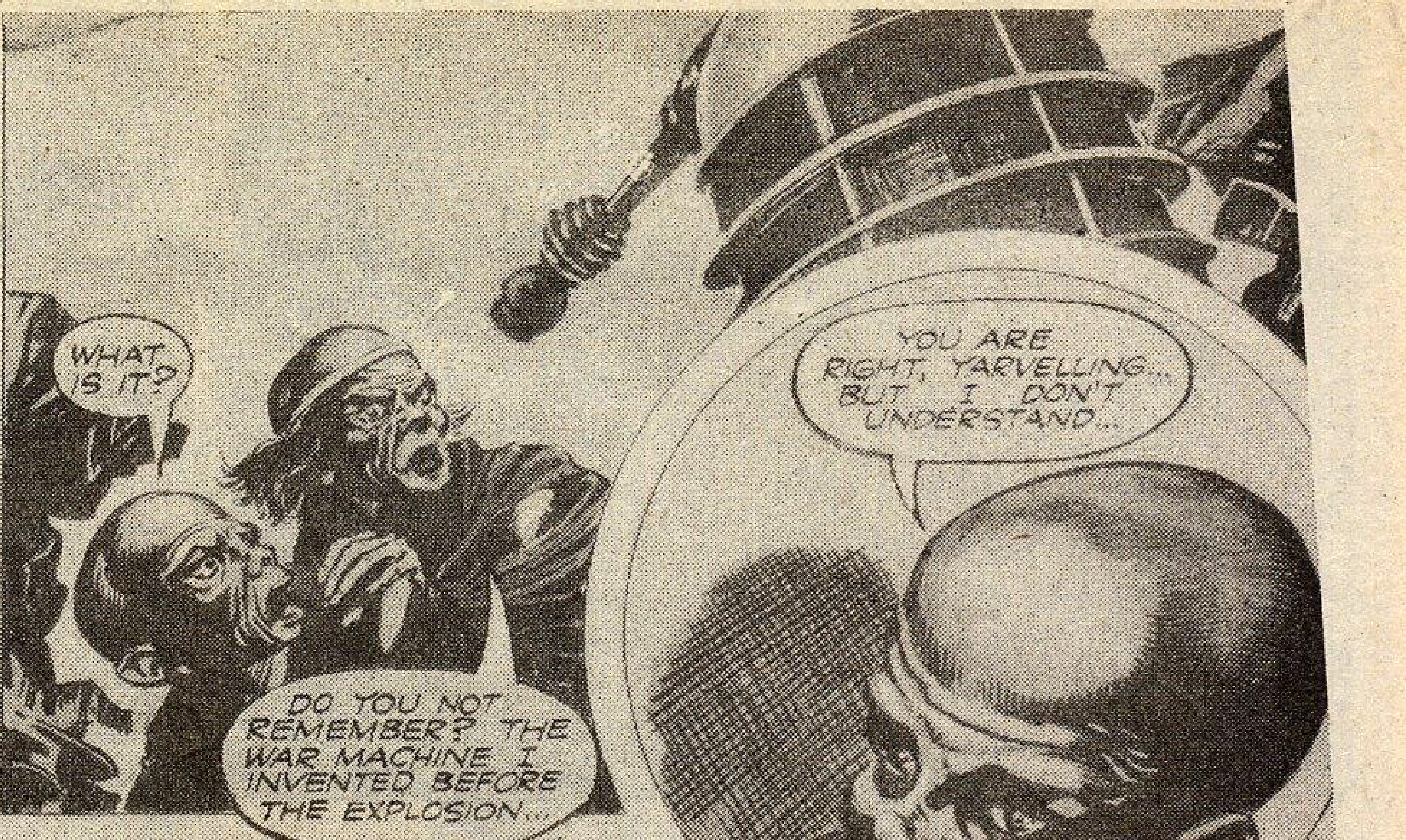

FROM THIS PRECIOUS ORE THE DALEKS WERE ABLE TO MANUFACTURE A MIGHTY NEUTRON BOMB.
IN THE REMOTE REGION OF DARREN, THE DALEKS PERFECTED THEIR TERRIBLE WEAPON, UNTIL WAR MINISTER ZOLFIAN WAS SATISFIE
INSLI! WE ARE READY TO DESTROY THE THALS FOR ALL TIME!
SUDDENLY, DRENZ, THE PACIFIST RULER OF THE DALEKS, BURST INTO THE WAR COUNCIL MEETING.
THIS WARRING MUST CEASE! YOU ARE TAMPERING WITH FORCES BEYOND YOUR CONTROL. YOU COULD ANNIHILATE THE ENTIRE PLANET.
ZOLFIAN'S HUGE HAND MOVED TO HIS BELT...
YOU ARE NOT FIT TO RULE THE MIGHTY DALEKS. NOTHING... NOT EVEN YOU, MUST STAND IN OUR WAY.
THE LAST PEACEFUL RULER OF THE DALEKS WAS DEAD. THE WAR EFFORT INCREASED...
THIS IS A MIGHTY INVENTION, YARVELLING... THESE MACHINES WILL TAKE CARE OF ANY THALS WHO SURVIVE THE BOMB ATTACK.
THANK YOU, ZOLFIAN. I WILL ORGANISE THEIR MASS PRODUCTION IMMEDIATELY.
FOR TWO WEEKS, THE FACTORIES AT DARREN WERE UNDER FULL PRESSURE. THEN A METEORITE STORM ENTERED SKARO'S ATMOSPHERE.
FIRES BEGAN... AND SPREAD TO THE BUILDINGS WHERE THE NEUTRON BOMBS WERE STORED... SUDDENLY...
DRENZ'S LAST WORDS WERE COMING TRUE. SKARO FACED TOTAL ANNIHILATION! THIS WAS INDEED THE...
GENESIS OF EVIL!

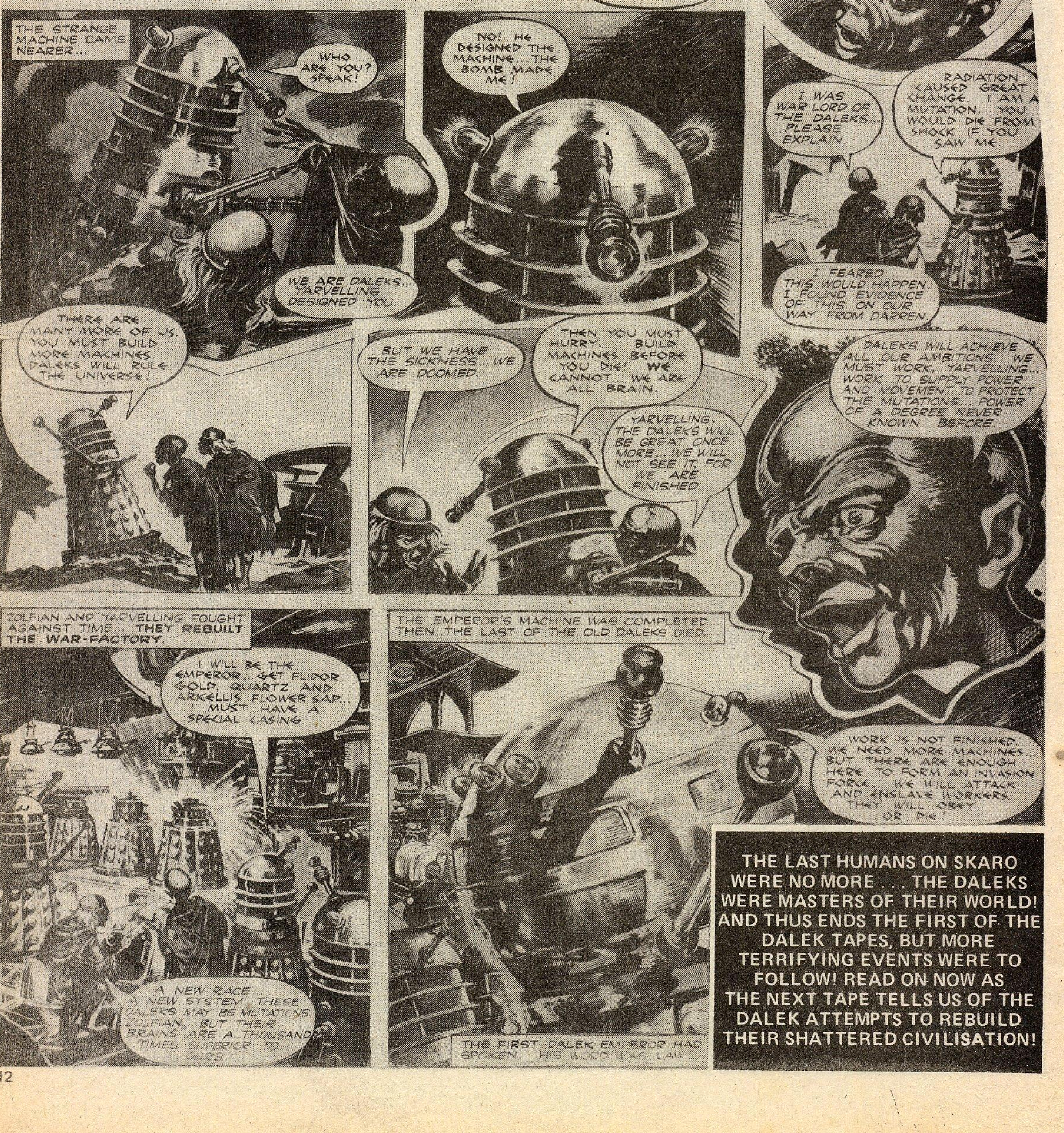
THE WARLIKE NATURE OF THE DALEKS HAD LED TO THE NEAR DESTRUCTION OF THEIR RACE AND PLANET! THE DEVASTATION HAD ENVELOPED THE WHOLE WORLD OF SKARO. THE ACID MIST HUNG WRAITH-LIKE OVER A SCORCHED WILDERNESS, AND RADIOACTIVE RAIN SCOURED THE BARREN ROCKS OF THE DEVASTATED WORLD!




THEN, FROM THE TORN AND TWISTED NIGHTMARE THAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE DALEK WAR COUNCIL CHAMBER, TWO THIN, FRAIL FIGURES EMERGED.
IS IT SAFE NOW, YARVELLING? HAS THE RADIOACTIVITY LEVEL FALLEN ENOUGH?
I THINK SO, ZOLFIAN... WE MUST CHANCE IT... IF WE SPEND ANOTHER DAY IN THAT HOVEL, WE SHALL GO MAD.
DESPERATELY TRYING TO PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN THEMSELVES AND THE HOLOCAUST'S CENTRE, THE TWO DALEKS MADE THEIR WAY TO DALAZAR...
THE CAPITAL... IT IS IN RUINS.
IT IS TO BE EXPECTED, ZOLFIAN... THE BLAST MUST HAVE STRETCHED EVEN AS FAR AS DAVIUS, HOME OF THE THALS.
AH, YES... THE THALS... THERE IS A CHANCE THEY STILL EXIST. THEY MUST BE DESTROYED.
BUT HOW CAN WE ATTACK...? WE HAVE MET NOT A LIVING THING... OUR PEOPLE ARE ALL DEAD.
WE CANNOT BE SURE OF THAT, YARVELLING. YOU ARE A GREAT SCIENTIST... INVESTIGATE... SEARCH... WE MUST FIND AN ARMY.
THE SEARCH WAS IN VAIN... THE ENTIRE CONTINENTS OF DALAZAR AND DARREN WERE LIFELESS. WITH THEIR REMAINING STRENGTH, ZOLFIAN AND YARVELLING BUILT A SHELTER.
I AM ILL, YARVELLING... WE HAVE ROAMED FAR... THE STRAIN HAS BEEN TOO MUCH.
NO, ZOLFIAN... IT IS THE SICKNESS. I HAVE IT, TOO... WE ARE DOOMED!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN... WHAT SICKNESS? ANSWER ME. I ORDER IT!
THE RADIATION... IT LIES DORMANT, IN POCKETS... WE HAVE CONTACTED IT... WE HAVE NEUTRON RADIATION SICKNESS!
SUDDENLY THE SHACK EXPLODED IN A SEARING FLASH...
WHAT CAUSED IT... WAS IT A LIGHTNING FLASH?
NO... LOOK!
SKARO WAS NOT A DEAD WORLD!
YARVELLING'S CREATION LIVED!

GLOWERING IN THE GLOOM OF THE WRECKED HUT, THE COUNCIL MEMBER AND THE CHIEF SCIENTIST OF THE DALS ARE COMPLETELY HELPLESS BEFORE THE AWESOME MIGHT OF THE MACHINE WHICH CONFRONTED THEM . . . THE TERRIFIED ZOLFIAN , ONCE ARROGANT ASSASSIN, NOW A FRIGHTENED MOUSE OF A MAN, IS THE FIRST TO FIND HIS TONGUE . . .

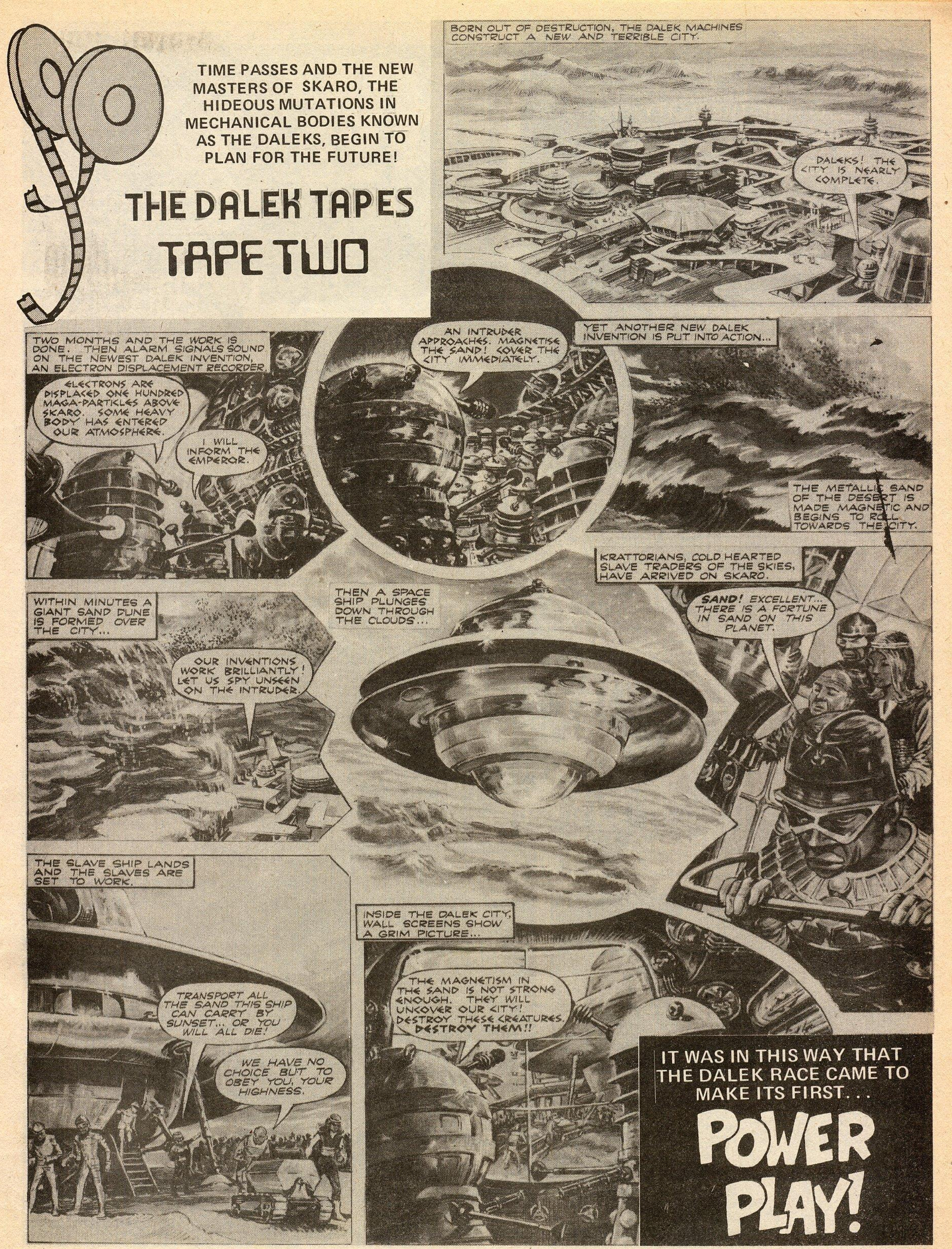

WHAT IS IT?
DO YOU NOT REMEMBER? THE WAR MACHINE I INVENTED BEFORE THE EXPLOSION...
YOU ARE RIGHT, YARVELLING... BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND...


THE STRANGE MACHINE CAME NEARER...
WHO ARE YOU? SPEAK!
WE ARE DALEKS... YARVELLING DESIGNED YOU.
NO! HE DESIGNED THE MACHINE... THE BOMB MADE ME!
I WAS WAR LORD OF THE DALEKS... PLEASE EXPLAIN.
RADIATION CAUSED GREAT CHANGE. I AM A MUTATION. YOU WOULD DIE FROM SHOCK IF YOU SAW ME.
I FEARED THIS WOULD HAPPEN. I FOUND EVIDENCE OF THIS ON OUR WAY FROM DARREN.
THERE ARE MANY MORE OF US. YOU MUST BUILD MORE MACHINES. DALEKS WILL RULE THE UNIVERSE!
BUT WE HAVE THE SICKNESS... WE ARE DOOMED.
THEN YOU MUST HURRY. BUILD MACHINES BEFORE YOU DIE! WE CANNOT... WE ARE ALL BRAIN.
YARVELLING, THE DALEKS WILL BE GREAT ONCE MORE... WE WILL NOT SEE IT, FOR WE ARE FINISHED.
DALEKS WILL ACHIEVE ALL OUR AMBITIONS. WE MUST WORK, YARVELLING... WORK TO SUPPLY POWER AND MOVEMENT TO PROTECT THE MUTATIONS... POWER OF A DEGREE NEVER KNOWN BEFORE.
ZOLFIAN AND YARVELLING FOUGHT AGAINST TIME... THEY REBUILT THE WAR-FACTORY.
I WILL BE THE EMPEROR... GET FLIDOR GOLD, QUARTZ AND ARKELLIS FLOWER SAP... I MUST HAVE A SPECIAL CASING.
A NEW RACE... A NEW SYSTEM. THESE DALEKS MAY BE MUTATIONS, ZOLFIAN, BUT THEIR BRAINS ARE A THOUSAND TIMES SUPERIOR TO OURS.
THE EMPEROR'S MACHINE WAS COMPLETED... THEN THE LAST OF THE OLD DALEKS DIED.
WORK IS NOT FINISHED. WE NEED MORE MACHINES... BUT THERE ARE ENOUGH HERE TO FORM AN INVASION FORCE. WE WILL ATTACK AND ENSLAVE WORKERS. THEY WILL OBEY OR DIE!
THE FIRST DALEK EMPEROR HAD SPOKEN. HIS WORD WAS LAW!

THE LAST HUMANS ON SKARO WERE NO MORE . . . THE DALEKS WERE MASTERS OF THEIR WORLD! AND THUS ENDS THE FIRST OF THE DALEK TAPES, BUT MORE TERRIFYING EVENTS WERE TO FOLLOW! READ ON NOW AS THE NEXT TAPE TELLS US OF THE DALEK ATTEMPTS TO REBUILD THEIR SHATTERED CIVILISATION!

TIME PASSES AND THE NEW MASTERS OF SKARO, THE HIDEOUS MUTATIONS IN MECHANICAL BODIES KNOWN AS THE DALEKS, BEGIN TO PLAN FOR THE FUTURE!

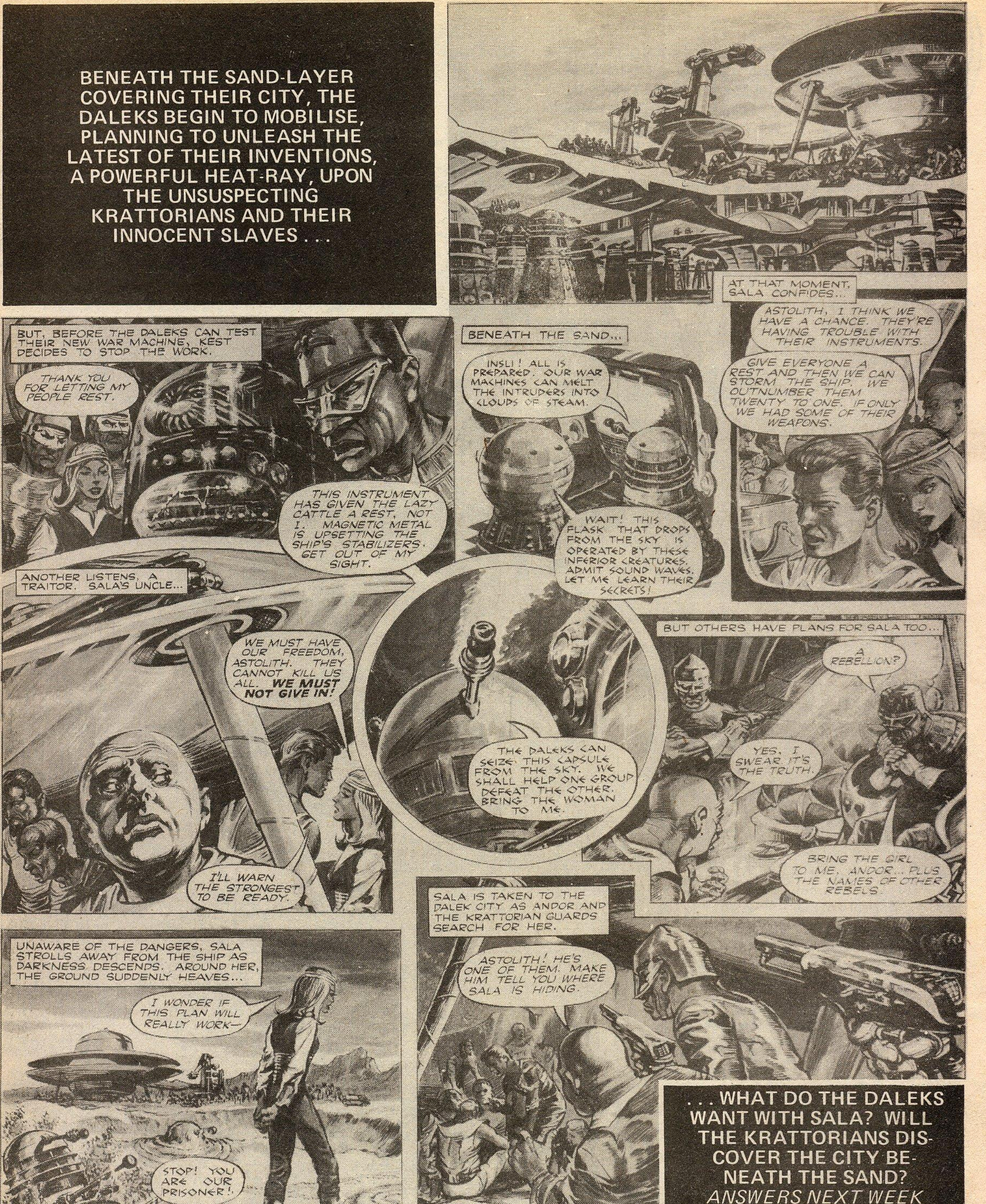
THE DALEK TAPES
TAPE TWO


BORN OUT OF DESTRUCTION, THE DALEK MACHINES CONSTRUCT A NEW AND TERRIBLE CITY.
DALEKS! THE CITY IS NEARLY COMPLETE.
TWO MONTHS AND THE WORK IS DONE. THEN ALARM SIGNALS SOUND ON THE NEWEST DALEK INVENTION, AN ELECTRON DISPLACEMENT RECORDER.
ELECTRONS ARE DISPLACED ONE HUNDRED MAGA-PARTICLES ABOVE SKARO. SOME HEAVY BODY HAS ENTERED OUR ATMOSPHERE.
I WILL INFORM THE EMPEROR.
AN INTRUDER APPROACHES. MAGNETISE THE SAND! COVER THE CITY IMMEDIATELY.
YET ANOTHER NEW DALEK INVENTION IS PUT INTO ACTION...
THE METALLIC SAND OF THE DESERT IS MADE MAGNETIC AND BEGINS TO ROLL TOWARDS THE CITY.
WITHIN MINUTES A GIANT SAND DUNE IS FORMED OVER THE CITY...
OUR INVENTIONS WORK BRILLIANTLY! LET US SPY UNSEEN ON THE INTRUDER.
THEN A SPACE SHIP PLUNGES DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS...
KRATTORIANS, COLD HEARTED SLAVE TRADERS OF THE SKIES, HAVE ARRIVED ON SKARO.
SAND! EXCELLENT... THERE IS A FORTUNE IN SAND ON THIS PLANET.
THE SLAVE SHIP LANDS AND THE SLAVES ARE SET TO WORK.
TRANSPORT ALL THE SAND THIS SHIP CAN CARRY BY SUNSET... OR YOU WILL ALL DIE!
WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO OBEY YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS.
INSIDE THE DALEK CITY, WALL SCREENS SHOW A GRIM PICTURE...
THE MAGNETISM IN THE SAND IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH. THEY WILL UNCOVER OUR CITY! DESTROY THESE CREATURES. DESTROY THEM!!

IT WAS IN THIS WAY THAT THE DALEK RACE CAME TO MAKE ITS FIRST. . .

POWER PLAY!

BENEATH THE SAND-LAYER COVERING THEIR CITY, THE DALEKS BEGIN TO MOBILISE, PLANNING TO UNLEASH THE LATEST OF THEIR INVENTIONS, A POWERFUL HEAT-RAY, UPON THE UNSUSPECTING KRATTORIANS AND THEIR INNOCENT SLAVES . . .


BUT, BEFORE THE DALEKS CAN TEST THEIR NEW WAR MACHINE, KEST DECIDES TO STOP THE WORK.
THANK YOU FOR LETTING MY PEOPLE REST.
THIS INSTRUMENT HAS GIVEN THE LAZY CATTLE A REST, NOT I. MAGNETIC METAL IS UPSETTING THE SHIP'S STABILIZERS. GET OUT OF MY SIGHT.
BENEATH THE SAND...
INSLI! ALL IS PREPARED. OUR WAR MACHINES CAN MELT THE INTRUDERS INTO CLOUDS OF STEAM.
WAIT! THIS FLASK THAT DROPS FROM THE SKY IS OPERATED BY THESE INFERIOR CREATURES. ADMIT SOUND WAVES. LET ME LEARN THEIR SECRETS!
AT THAT MOMENT, SALA CONFIDES...
ASTOLITH, I THINK WE HAVE A CHANCE. THEY'RE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THEIR INSTRUMENTS.
GIVE EVERYONE A REST AND THEN WE CAN STORM THE SHIP. WE OUTNUMBER THEM TWENTY TO ONE. IF ONLY WE HAD SOME OF THEIR WEAPONS.
ANOTHER LISTENS, A TRAITOR. SALA'S UNCLE...
WE MUST HAVE OUR FREEDOM, ASTOLITH. THEY CANNOT KILL US ALL. WE MUST NOT GIVE IN!
I'LL WARN THE STRONGEST TO BE READY.
THE DALEKS CAN SEIZE THIS CAPSULE FROM THE SKY. WE SHALL HELP ONE GROUP DEFEAT THE OTHER. BRING THE WOMAN TO ME.
BUT OTHERS HAVE PLANS FOR SALA TOO...
A REBELLION?
YES, I SWEAR IT'S THE TRUTH.
BRING THE GIRL TO ME, ANDOR... PLUS THE NAMES OF OTHER REBELS.
UNAWARE OF THE DANGERS, SALA STROLLS AWAY FROM THE SHIP AS DARKNESS DESCENDS. AROUND HER, THE GROUND SUDDENLY HEAVES...
I WONDER IF THIS PLAN WILL REALLY WORK—
STOP! YOU ARE OUR PRISONER!
SALA IS TAKEN TO THE DALEK CITY AS ANDOR AND THE KRATTORIAN GUARDS SEARCH FOR HER.
ASTOLITH! HE'S ONE OF THEM. MAKE HIM TELL YOU WHERE SALA IS HIDING.

. . . WHAT DO THE DALEKS WANT WITH SALA? WILL THE KRATTORIANS DISCOVER THE CITY BENEATH THE SAND? *ANSWERS NEXT WEEK* AS WE CONCLUDE TAPE 2 AND SEE HOW THE SUPREME DALEK TURNS HIS THOUGHTS TOWARDS THE KRATTORIAN SPACESHIP!

WHO CARES!

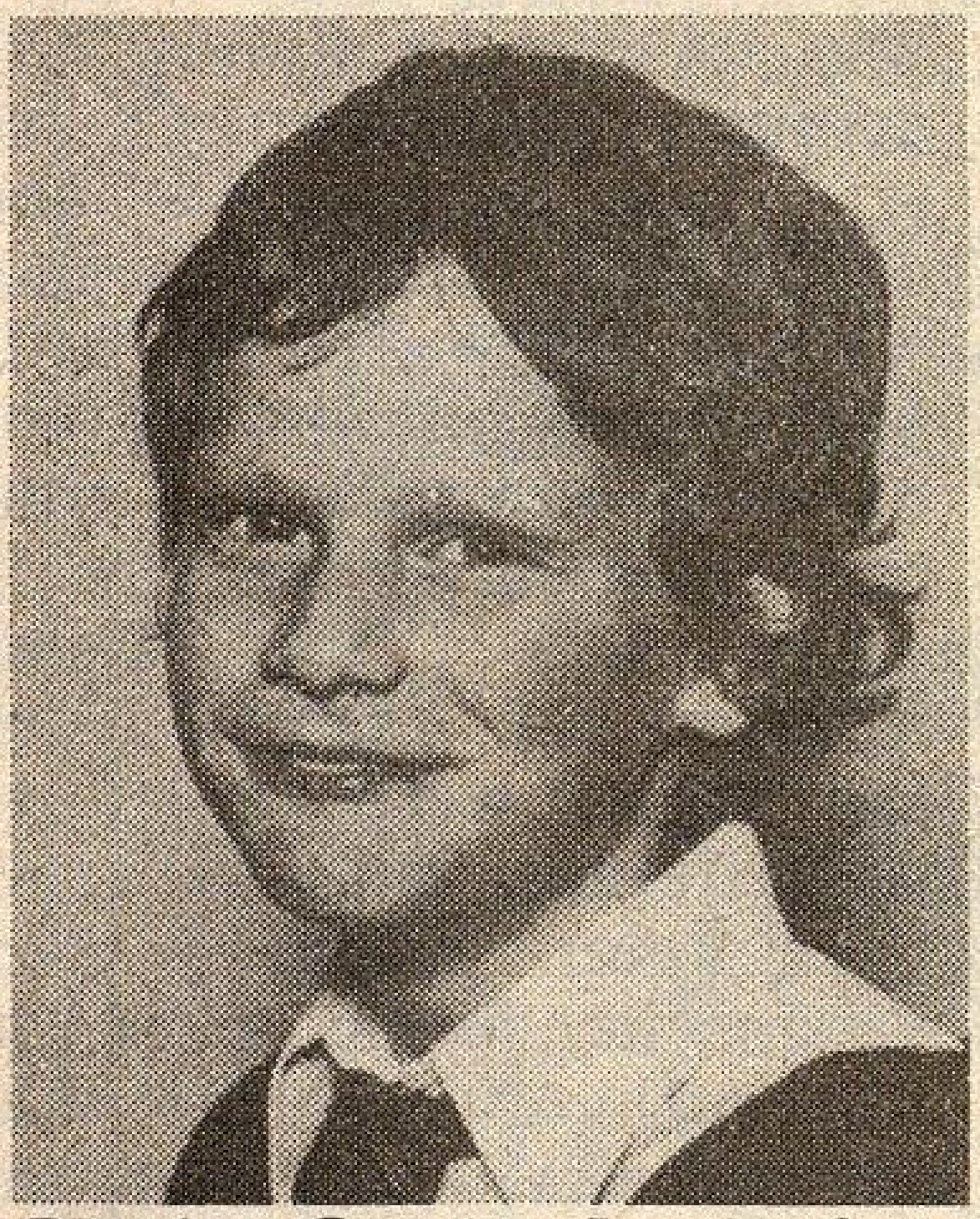
Welcome to another fun-packed page featuring *you*, the reader. Every week we receive thousands of your letters, but we'd like even more! Not only letters but drawings, photographs and stories. It's your page!

BEST ONE

Dear Doctor,

I think that your comic is very good, and I especially like your new look issue. My parents are now telling me not to buy so many comics, so I have cut down to the best one in Britain – **Dr Who Weekly!**

Roberto Bondommo,
East Acton.



Reader George Pency from Hornchurch.

NEW STYLE

Dear Doctor,

I am writing about your new look comic. My verdict? Brilliant! I never thought that anything would be better than **Dr Who Weekly**, and now you've come up with an even better style magazine!

Simon Horton,
West Midlands.

KROTON

Dear Doctor,

Readers Paul Cadney and Sarah Johnson (Who Cares, issue 28) have missed the point about Kroton the Cyberman. They felt sad because he is never happy – well this is the way in which his character has been built up. Kroton now feels guilty because his attempt to save the *Flying Dutchman* failed. Now he has an inferiority complex, and maybe feels that he should go back to being a normal, unemotional Cyberman.

Michael Cook,
Berkshire.

Reader Michael Ridge from Codsall.

Reader Michael Elliot from Coventry.

FUTURE

The Doctor was strolling through a deserted street of a strange planet . The street was not only deserted, but also completely in ruins. As he journeyed through the streets of the deserted city he came across a group of humans who were being threatened by a robot.

The Doctor got out his sonic screwdriver and managed to short-circuit the robot. Then the Doctor found out that he had journeyed far into the future, as one of the survivors said, "Thank-you for saving us, there's hope for Earth yet!"

INVASION

Dear Doctor,

I am writing to compliment you on your magazine. However, in last week's issue you asked us to report any Dalek sightings, and I wondered if you had heard of the Dalek invasion of Haddington in 1973. After terrorising the High Street, the Daleks broke in and robbed the Bank of Scotland, and were defeated by the Home Guard.

My father has a film of the invasion, which happened during the Haddington Festival.

Keep up the good work. I'm looking forward to the next tv series.

Georgette Gibson,
Haddington.

Thanks for the information Geogette, I'll pass it on to my colleagues.

K-9

Dear Doctor,

As well as my K-9, I have made lots of **Dr Who** characters. Cybermen, robots and even a TARDIS.

I am sending a picture of me with my K-9.

Neil Rulit,
Aldershot.

While writing to us, why not list your two favourite and least favourite features and picture strips in **Dr Who Weekly** and send them to us with your letter to:

WHO CARES,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205/211 Kentish Town
Road, London NW5.

Favourite **1st** . . . .
Favourite **2nd** . . . .
Least favourite . . . .
. . . .
Ideas for future issues . .
. . . .

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Address . . . .
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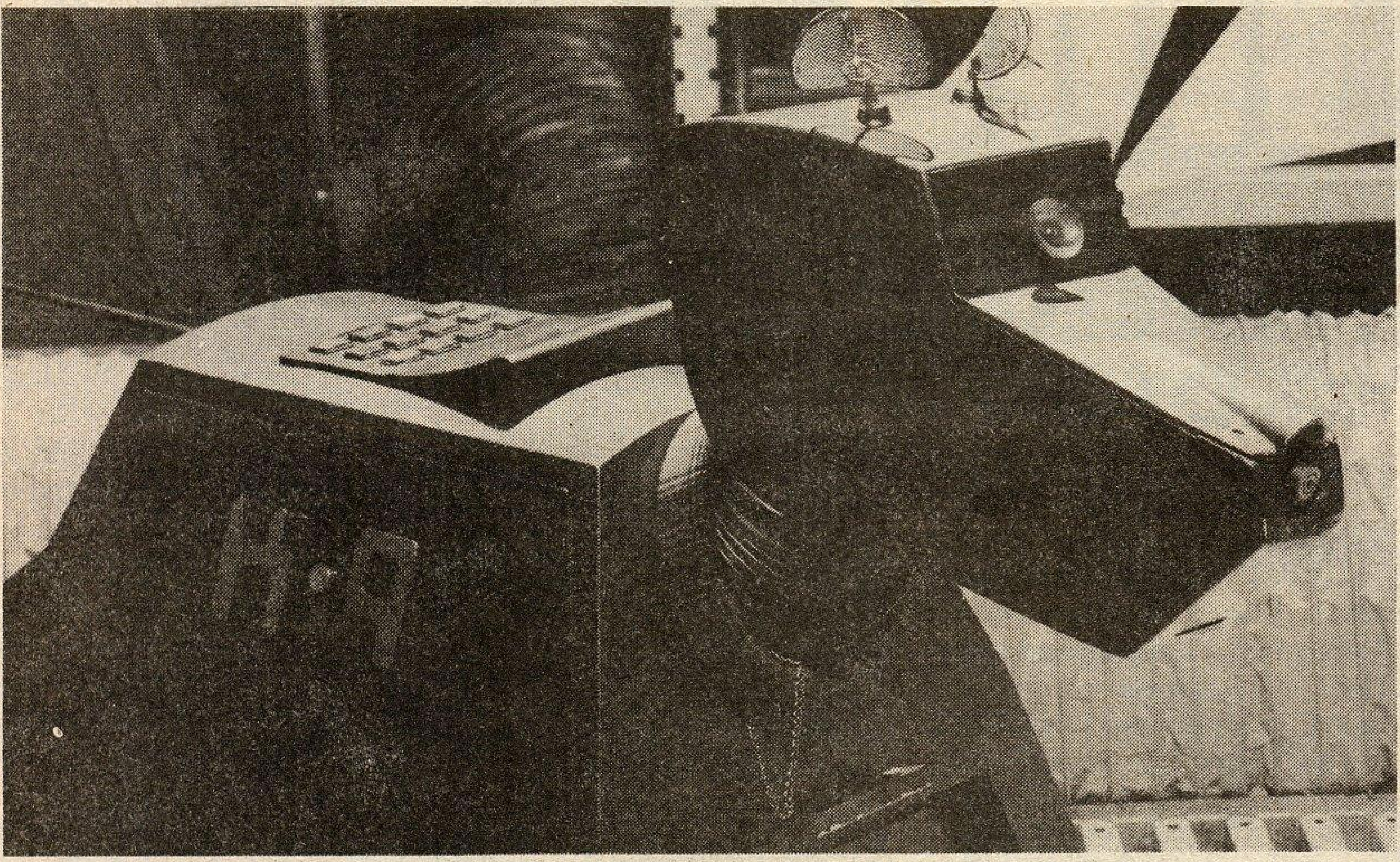
GALLIFREY GUARDIAN



House training K-9

Way back in issue 13 of *Dr Who Weekly*, there was a report on the many problems involving tv's favourite mechanical dog, K-9. Not least of these problems is the mechanics of actually moving the robot. Many different methods have been tried – all with their own inbuilt difficulties: jammed radio signals, noisy drive belts, problems with rough terrain and so forth.

Recently, the BBC designers have come up with a new solution to these problems – rubber caterpillar treads. These have the advantages of quiet operation, greater grip on smooth surfaces and an ability to move over rough ground.

All this was fine until the first studio tests were carried out when it was noticed that the soft rubber on the treads was leaving a dark stain in K-9's wake whenever he moved, literally necessitating someone to walk behind the dog cleaning up after him.

Not quite a case of back to the drawing board as the designers do hope to have the problem licked before live studio shooting begins for the new season.

Chocolate Daleks

The Tythonian could not manage it, the Krynoids failed miserably, even the mighty Kronos fell short of success. But you could do it easily. Confused? Well, it depends on your sweet tooth – or lack of it. A well known sweet manufacturer has come up with the ultimate in the evolution of the jelly baby principle. For just a few pennies you can now buy white chocolate in the form of the Doctor, K-9 and the Daleks. As the Master said in "The Time Monster", "A rare and delicate feast for you . . . a Time Lord. Devour him!" Well, now you can, but keep the liver salts handy, I've never yet met a Dalek that takes kindly to being eaten!

Random Randomiser

A lot of folks, myself included, noticed the curious absence of the Randomiser from the stories in last season on television. It was briefly mentioned twice but otherwise the Doctor seemed to have no trouble at all in navigating to Earth 1979, Skonnos and to the origin point of Erato's distress call on Chloris in "Creature from the Pit".

The obvious answer is that the Randomiser has an "off" switch. But, I hear you ask, if that is so then surely the Black Guardian, who has sworn revenge against the Doctor, can also trace his movements?

This was one of the matters of concern to incoming Producer John Nathan-Turner. So be assured, the BBC are still aware of the Randomiser's existence and it will be featured again in forthcoming serials. As for a showdown between the Guardian and the Doctor, that is something even the intrepid time-traveller himself does not know.

Quote of the Week

"I am not a student of human nature . . . I am a professor of a far wider academy of which human nature is only a part." Said by the Doctor during "The Evil of the Daleks" 1967.

NEW COVER

If the cover of the new Target *Dr Who* paperback, "Doctor Who and the Power of Kroll" by Terrance Dicks, looks slightly different to the style of previous publications, then spare a thought for the artists who have to produce the colour illustrations for the books.

The artist who produced "The Power of Kroll" cover was recently landed with the task of doing the cover for the summer release "The Keys of Marinus" by Philip Hinchcliffe. Because it is such an old serial (the fifth ever transmitted) the BBC was unable to supply any colour photographs for reference purposes – and even the stock black-and-white stills showed too little background and detail to be of much use. The last time this problem arose was in 1976 with "The Dalek Invasion of Earth". Then the artists were forced to use reference material from the Peter Cushing film version hence the cover was not authentic to the television serial on which the contents were based.

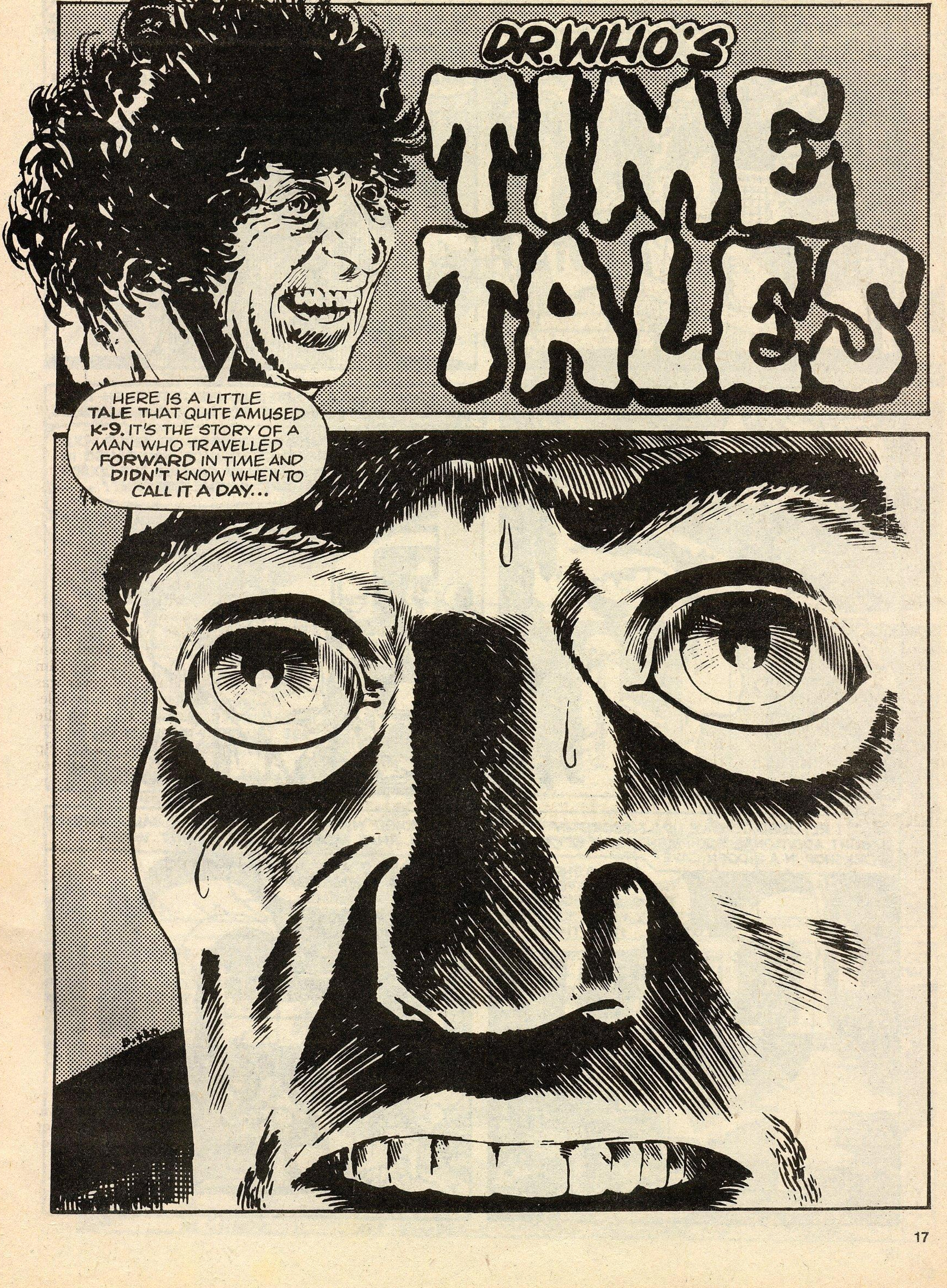
However, with the help of some off-monitor photographs from the original BBC episodes, Target are able to produce a cover for "The Keys of Marinus" faithful to the 1964 serial.

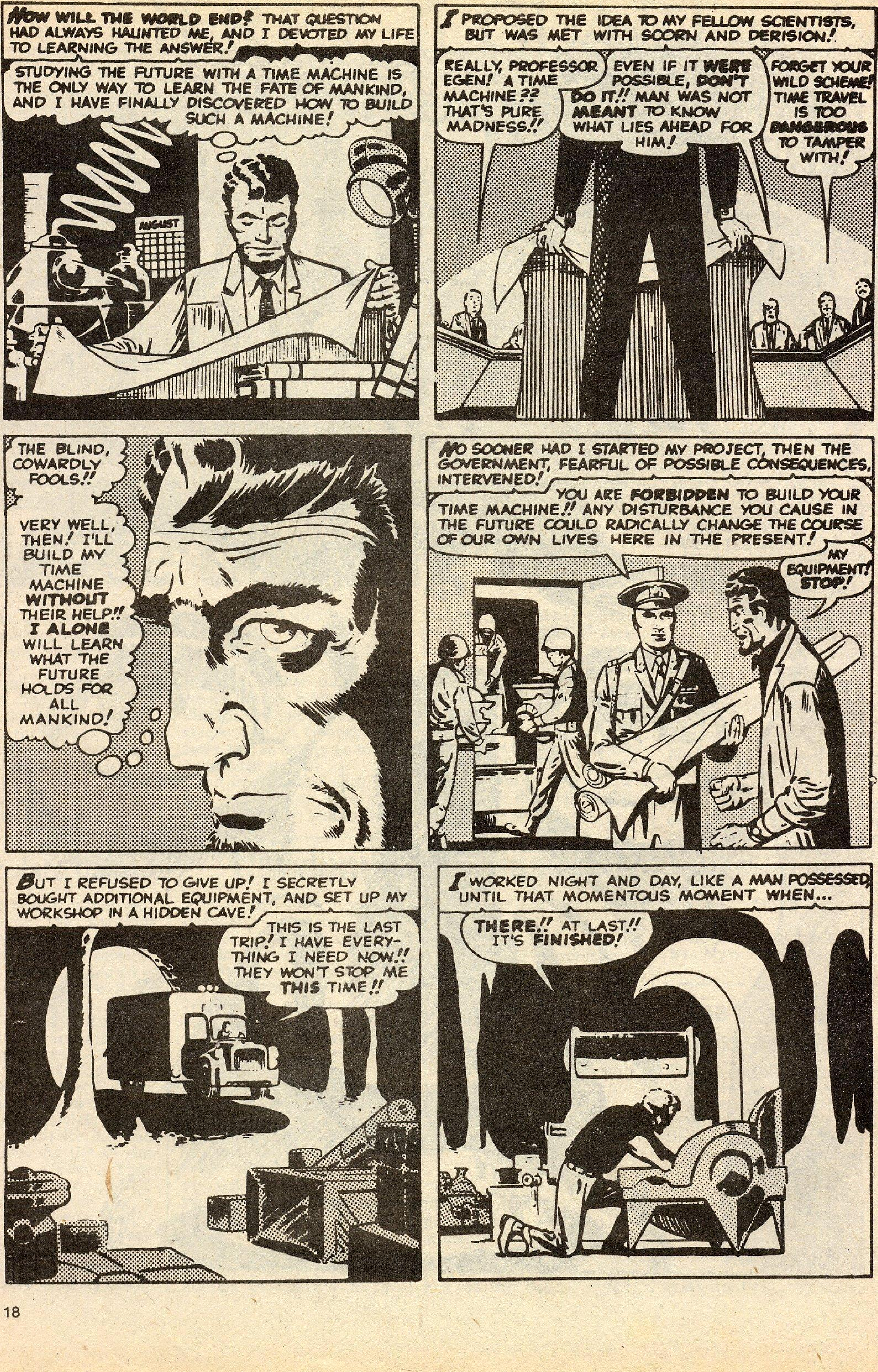
Look out for this great new story from Target!

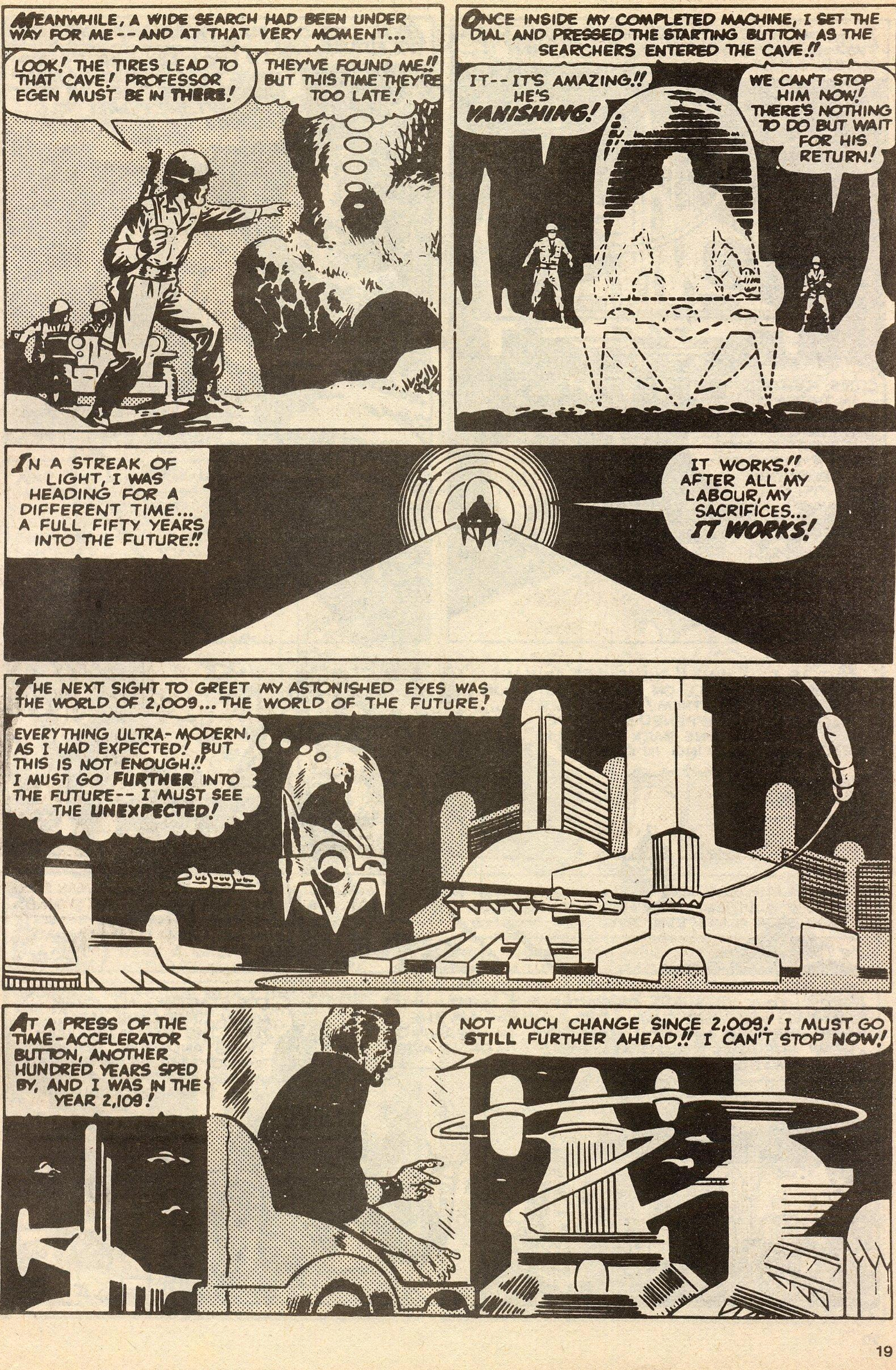
The Who tune goes overseas

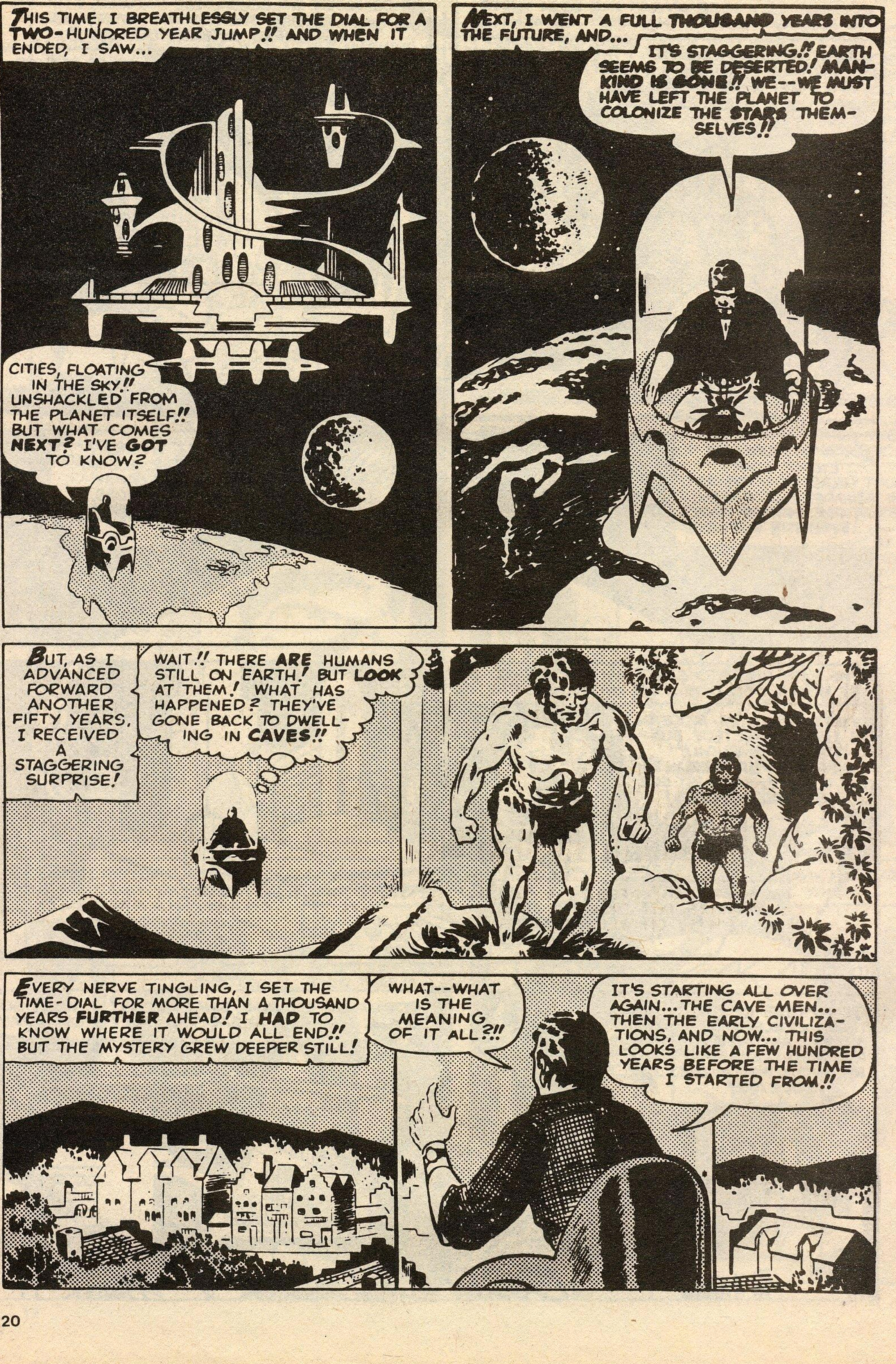
The famous *Dr Who* theme as heard at the start of every *Dr Who* episode is also used by the Overseas Broadcasting division of the BBC to introduce a science magazine programme on the radio. The unusual aspect though is that the programme is in Spanish and is for transmission to Spain. Obviously the influence of the good Doctor has yet to make itself felt over there.

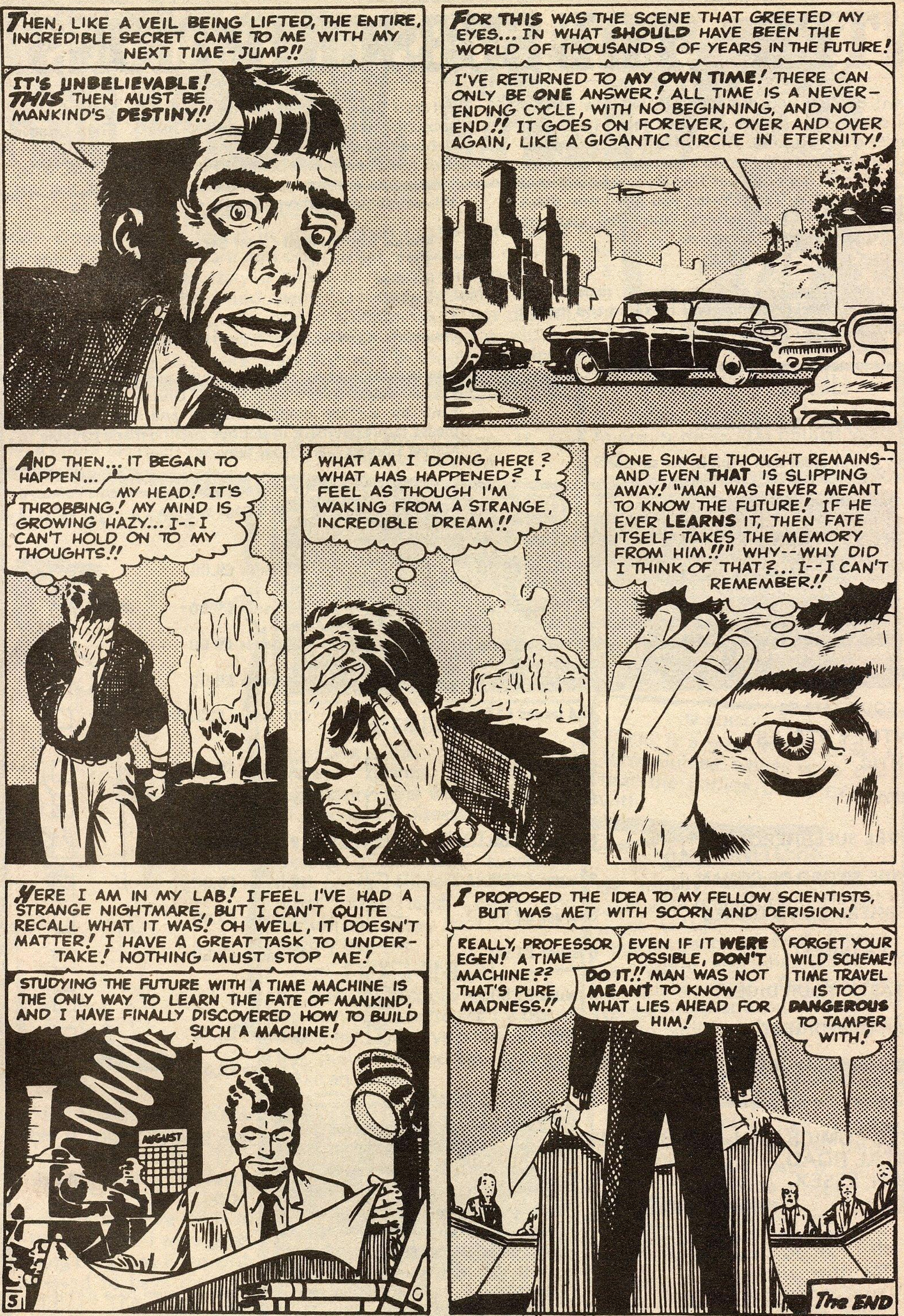
DR. WHO'S TIME TALES


HERE IS A LITTLE TALE THAT QUITE AMUSED K-9. IT'S THE STORY OF A MAN WHO TRAVELLED FORWARD IN TIME AND DIDN'T KNOW WHEN TO CALL IT A DAY...


HOW WILL THE WORLD END? THAT QUESTION HAD ALWAYS HAUNTED ME, AND I DEVOTED MY LIFE TO LEARNING THE ANSWER!
STUDYING THE FUTURE WITH A TIME MACHINE IS THE ONLY WAY TO LEARN THE FATE OF MANKIND, AND I HAVE FINALLY DISCOVERED HOW TO BUILD SUCH A MACHINE!
AUGUST
I PROPOSED THE IDEA TO MY FELLOW SCIENTISTS, BUT WAS MET WITH SCORN AND DERISION!
REALLY, PROFESSOR EGEN! A TIME MACHINE?? THAT'S PURE MADNESS!!
EVEN IF IT **WERE** POSSIBLE, **DON'T DO IT!!** MAN WAS NOT **MEANT** TO KNOW WHAT LIES AHEAD FOR HIM!
FORGET YOUR WILD SCHEME! TIME TRAVEL IS TOO **DANGEROUS** TO TAMPER WITH!
THE BLIND, COWARDLY FOOLS!!
VERY WELL, THEN! I'LL BUILD MY TIME MACHINE **WITHOUT** THEIR HELP!! **I ALONE** WILL LEARN WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR ALL MANKIND!
NO SOONER HAD I STARTED MY PROJECT, THEN THE GOVERNMENT, FEARFUL OF POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCES, INTERVENED!
YOU ARE **FORBIDDEN** TO BUILD YOUR TIME MACHINE!! ANY DISTURBANCE YOU CAUSE IN THE FUTURE COULD RADICALLY CHANGE THE COURSE OF OUR OWN LIVES HERE IN THE PRESENT!
MY EQUIPMENT! **STOP!**
BUT I REFUSED TO GIVE UP! I SECRETLY BOUGHT ADDITIONAL EQUIPMENT, AND SET UP MY WORKSHOP IN A HIDDEN CAVE!
THIS IS THE LAST TRIP! I HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED NOW!! THEY WON'T STOP ME **THIS** TIME!!
I WORKED NIGHT AND DAY, LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, UNTIL THAT MOMENTOUS MOMENT WHEN...
THERE!! AT LAST!! IT'S **FINISHED!**


MEANWHILE, A WIDE SEARCH HAD BEEN UNDER WAY FOR ME--AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
LOOK! THE TIRES LEAD TO THAT CAVE! PROFESSOR EGEN MUST BE IN THERE!
THEY'VE FOUND ME!! BUT THIS TIME THEY'RE TOO LATE!
ONCE INSIDE MY COMPLETED MACHINE, I SET THE DIAL AND PRESSED THE STARTING BUTTON AS THE SEARCHERS ENTERED THE CAVE!!
IT--IT'S AMAZING!! HE'S VANISHING!
WE CAN'T STOP HIM NOW! THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT FOR HIS RETURN!
IN A STREAK OF LIGHT, I WAS HEADING FOR A DIFFERENT TIME... A FULL FIFTY YEARS INTO THE FUTURE!!
IT WORKS!! AFTER ALL MY LABOUR, MY SACRIFICES... IT WORKS!
THE NEXT SIGHT TO GREET MY ASTONISHED EYES WAS THE WORLD OF 2,009... THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE!
EVERYTHING ULTRA-MODERN, AS I HAD EXPECTED! BUT THIS IS NOT ENOUGH!! I MUST GO FURTHER INTO THE FUTURE-- I MUST SEE THE UNEXPECTED!
AT A PRESS OF THE TIME-ACCELERATOR BUTTON, ANOTHER HUNDRED YEARS SPED BY, AND I WAS IN THE YEAR 2,109!
NOT MUCH CHANGE SINCE 2,009! I MUST GO STILL FURTHER AHEAD!! I CAN'T STOP NOW!


THIS TIME, I BREATHLESSLY SET THE DIAL FOR A TWO-HUNDRED YEAR JUMP!! AND WHEN IT ENDED, I SAW...
CITIES, FLOATING IN THE SKY!! UNSHACKLED FROM THE PLANET ITSELF!! BUT WHAT COMES NEXT? I'VE GOT TO KNOW?
NEXT, I WENT A FULL THOUSAND YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, AND...
IT'S STAGGERING!! EARTH SEEMS TO BE DESERTED! MANKIND IS GONE!! WE--WE MUST HAVE LEFT THE PLANET TO COLONIZE THE STARS THEMSELVES!!
BUT, AS I ADVANCED FORWARD ANOTHER FIFTY YEARS, I RECEIVED A STAGGERING SURPRISE!
WAIT!! THERE ARE HUMANS STILL ON EARTH! BUT LOOK AT THEM! WHAT HAS HAPPENED? THEY'VE GONE BACK TO DWELLING IN CAVES!!
EVERY NERVE TINGLING, I SET THE TIME-DIAL FOR MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS FURTHER AHEAD! I HAD TO KNOW WHERE IT WOULD ALL END!! BUT THE MYSTERY GREW DEEPER STILL!
WHAT--WHAT IS THE MEANING OF IT ALL?!!
IT'S STARTING ALL OVER AGAIN... THE CAVE MEN... THEN THE EARLY CIVILIZATIONS, AND NOW... THIS LOOKS LIKE A FEW HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE THE TIME I STARTED FROM!!


THEN, LIKE A VEIL BEING LIFTED, THE ENTIRE, INCREDIBLE SECRET CAME TO ME WITH MY NEXT TIME-JUMP!!
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! THIS THEN MUST BE MANKIND'S DESTINY!!
FOR THIS WAS THE SCENE THAT GREETED MY EYES... IN WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE WORLD OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE!
I'VE RETURNED TO MY OWN TIME! THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE ANSWER! ALL TIME IS A NEVER-ENDING CYCLE, WITH NO BEGINNING, AND NO END!! IT GOES ON FOREVER, OVER AND OVER AGAIN, LIKE A GIGANTIC CIRCLE IN ETERNITY!
AND THEN... IT BEGAN TO HAPPEN...
MY HEAD! IT'S THROBBING! MY MIND IS GROWING HAZY... I--I CAN'T HOLD ON TO MY THOUGHTS!!
WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHAT HAS HAPPENED? I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M WAKING FROM A STRANGE, INCREDIBLE DREAM!!
ONE SINGLE THOUGHT REMAINS--AND EVEN THAT IS SLIPPING AWAY! "MAN WAS NEVER MEANT TO KNOW THE FUTURE! IF HE EVER LEARNS IT, THEN FATE ITSELF TAKES THE MEMORY FROM HIM!!" WHY--WHY DID I THINK OF THAT?... I--I CAN'T REMEMBER!!
HERE I AM IN MY LAB! I FEEL I'VE HAD A STRANGE NIGHTMARE, BUT I CAN'T QUITE RECALL WHAT IT WAS! OH WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER! I HAVE A GREAT TASK TO UNDERTAKE! NOTHING MUST STOP ME!
STUDYING THE FUTURE WITH A TIME MACHINE IS THE ONLY WAY TO LEARN THE FATE OF MANKIND, AND I HAVE FINALLY DISCOVERED HOW TO BUILD SUCH A MACHINE!
AUGUST
5
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FORGET YOUR WILD SCHEME! TIME TRAVEL IS TOO DANGEROUS TO TAMPER WITH!
The END

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AMOUNT ENCLOSED

FANTASTIC FACTS

SMOKY CLOVES

Today, cloves may be found in any kitchen in the land but at one time this spice was so rare and costly that it was used only by the very rich. In medieval Italy a group of young millionaires held a competition to see who could spend his money fastest. One of them made a bonfire of cloves and roasted chicken on it, yet despite this extravagance he did not win! About half the world production of cloves still goes up in smoke; they are used in Indonesian cigarettes.

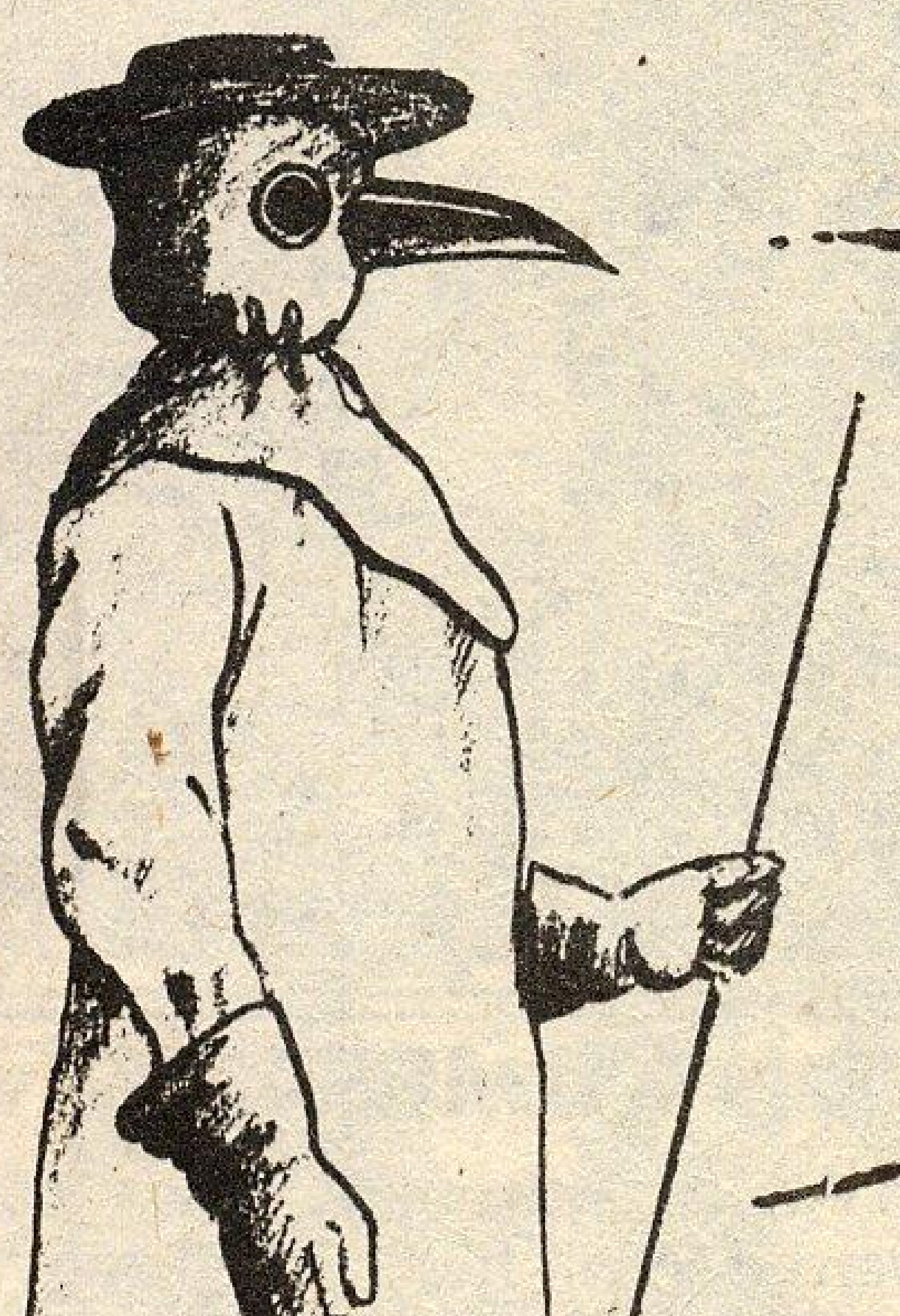
SNAKES

Poisonous snakes are not immune to their own poison. If, for example, a cobra bit itself by mistake, it would probably die.

FRUITY FOSSIL

A fossil pineapple has been found in rocks 200 million years old.

MEDICAL MAN



No it is not a penguin in a gas-mask. This strange costume was worn by doctors in the 17th century when visiting a plague victim. The gown, hood, breeches and boots were made of leather, the eye-pieces were glass, and the long beak was filled with spices believed to have disinfectant qualities. The wand was used to take the patient's pulse.

HARDY TARDS

If you have a magnifying glass or microscope you might try looking for tiny animals called tardigrades. They look like minute (1mm long), eight-legged bears and can be found in ponds, ditch-water and clumps of moss. Despite being aquatic animals, the moss-dwelling tardigrades are remarkably well adapted to drought. One is known to have survived for 200 years without water. In this dehydrated condition they can also withstand 20 months in liquid oxygen (about minus 200 degrees centigrade)!

BEATEN DISEASE

Smallpox has finally been beaten. Thanks to years of vaccination, the world is now rid of this deadly disease.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN

Despite their many successful light operas, Gilbert and Sullivan never liked each other and seldom met. They communicated mainly by mail.

COCHINEAL

In food, the colours red and pink are commonly achieved by use of cochineal. This dye is made from the pulverised bodies of small Mexican beetles.

WEIGHTY THOUGHT

The heaviest human brain ever recorded, belonged to Russian author Ivan Turgenev — it weighed 4lb 7oz. By coincidence, the smallest brain recorded for a normal human adult belonged to another famous author, Anatole France, his weighed only 2lb 4oz. The average size is about 3lbs.

BLADE OF GRASS

There is a grass which grows in New Guinea which is so sharp that the natives use it to shave with.

CAVE DWELLERS

We usually associate living in caves with prehistoric times but a small village, built inside the huge entrance of Peak Cavern , Derbyshire, was inhabited as late as this century. The constant temperature and humidity made ideal conditions for the villagers' craft of rope-making.

H-BOMB

The sun works like a giant H-bomb: it turns its own matter into energy and loses 4 million tons a second in the process.

ATOMIC HOLES

If experts are correct, the universe is swarming with tiny black holes no bigger than atoms called "primordial black holes".

CRAZY CAPTION
RESULTS

These results signal an end of our present series of photographs crying out for crazy captions to be added!

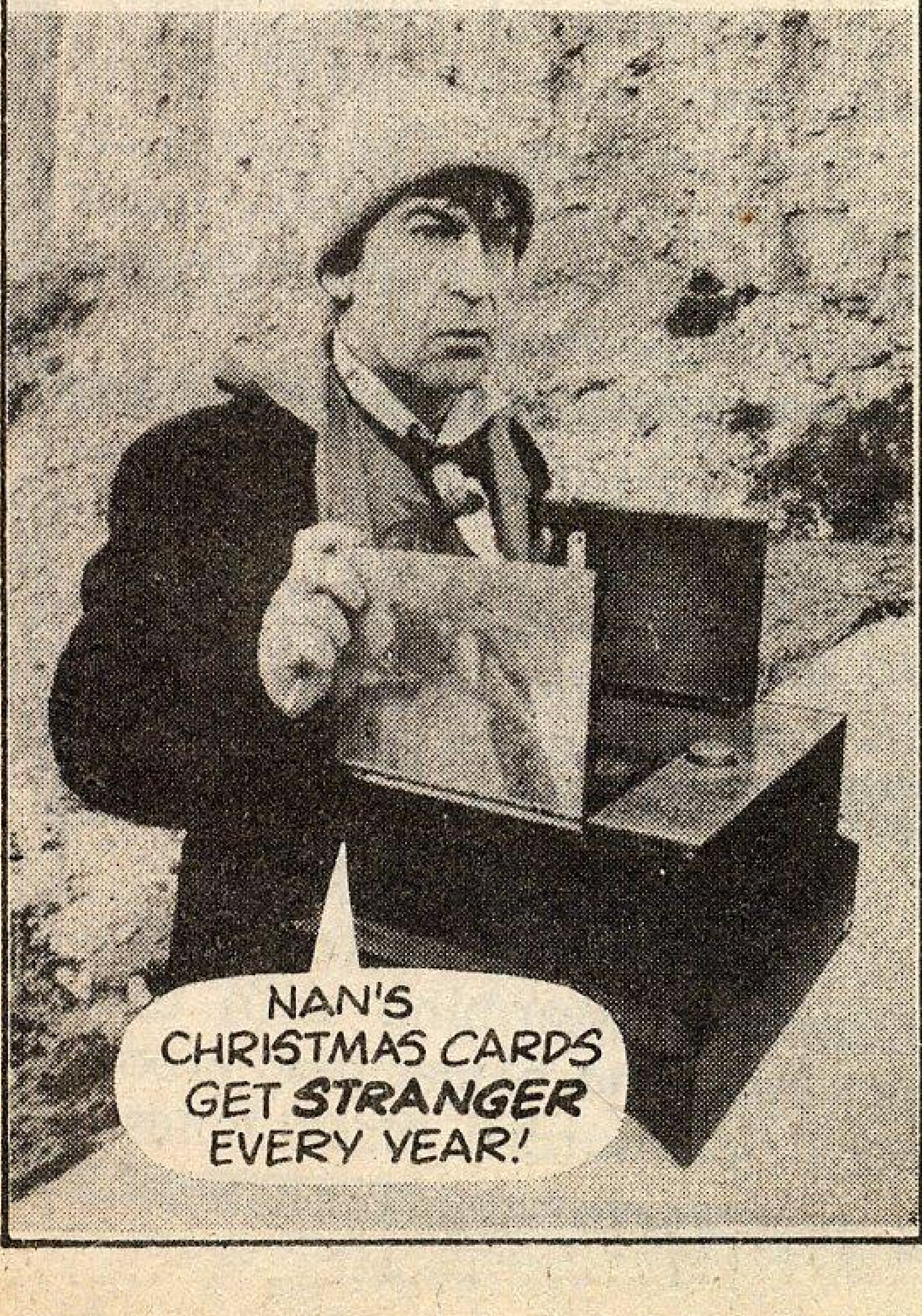
Don't worry if you're not one of our lucky winners this week as we've a lot more results coming soon!

RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 27

J. Smith from Peterborough wins £5 for his caption printed below:

Signed, colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor have gone to the ten runners-up:

J.R. Swales from Gateshead;
Andrew Fulker from Hanworth;
Christopher Gray from Fife;
Robert Watson from Warley;
Gillian Eckersley from Manchester;
Simon Farquhar from Upminster;
Mark Wareham from Bournemouth;
James Haiey from Ayshire;
Chris Drake from Leicester;
Igor Czajhowski from Lowestoft.



RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 28

Jason Hart from Peterborough wins £5 for his caption printed below:

signed, colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor have gone to the ten runners-up:

Ron Keywood from Wellingborough;
John Wing from Enfield;
Suzanne Barry from Lossiemouth;
Sean Wilson from Hull;
Lee Waite from Romford;
J. Brownsey from Fordingbridge;
Alan Statt from Glasgow;
Colin White from Bethnal Green;
Richard Tampion from Shipley;
David Cornes from Atherton.

ALRIGHT.' ALRIGHT.' I'M *SORRY* THE TARDIS LANDED ON YOUR *HORSE*!
POLICE TELEPHONE
PUBLIC

RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 29

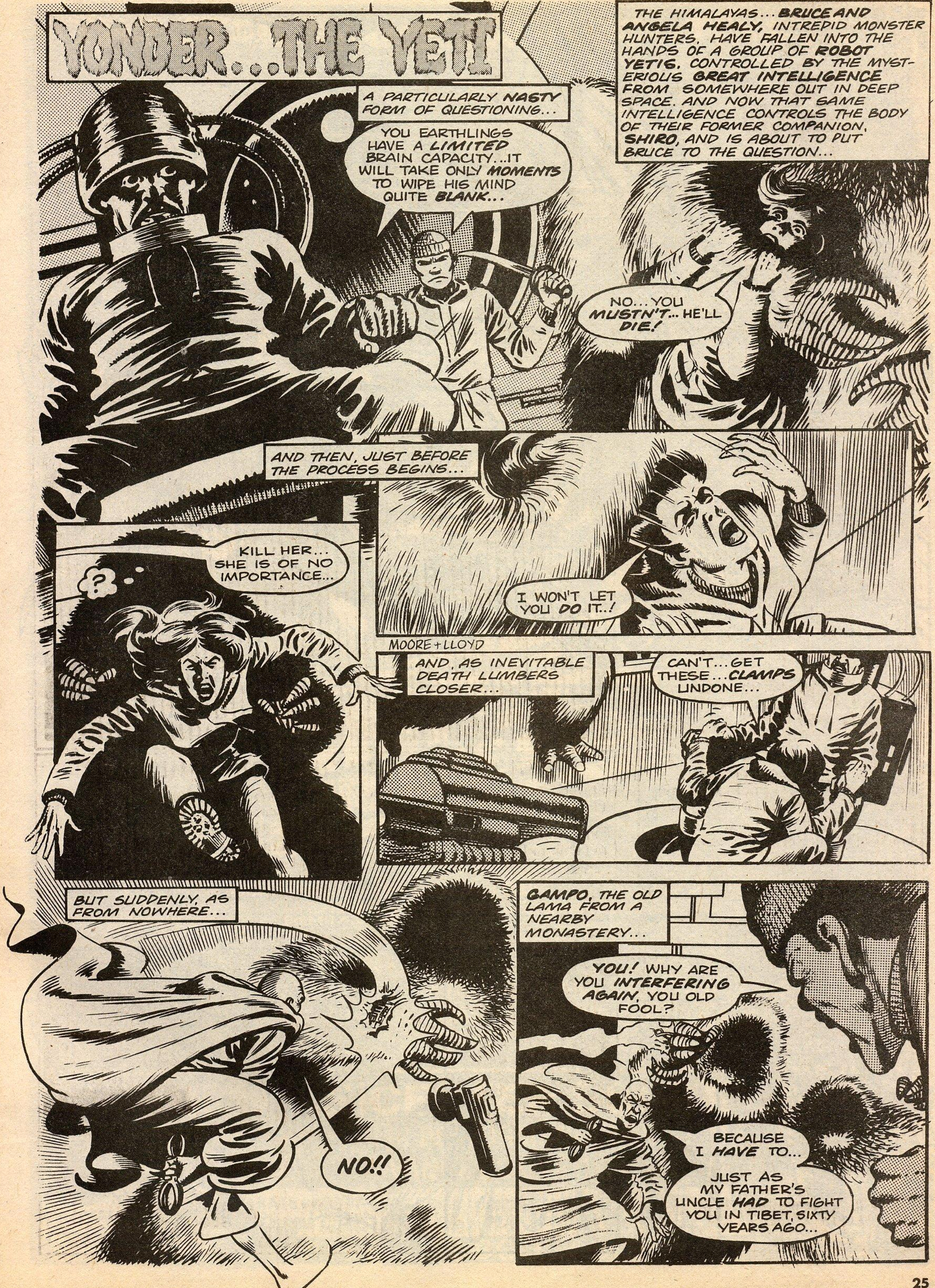
Steven Hewitt from Portsmouth wins £5 for his caption printed below:

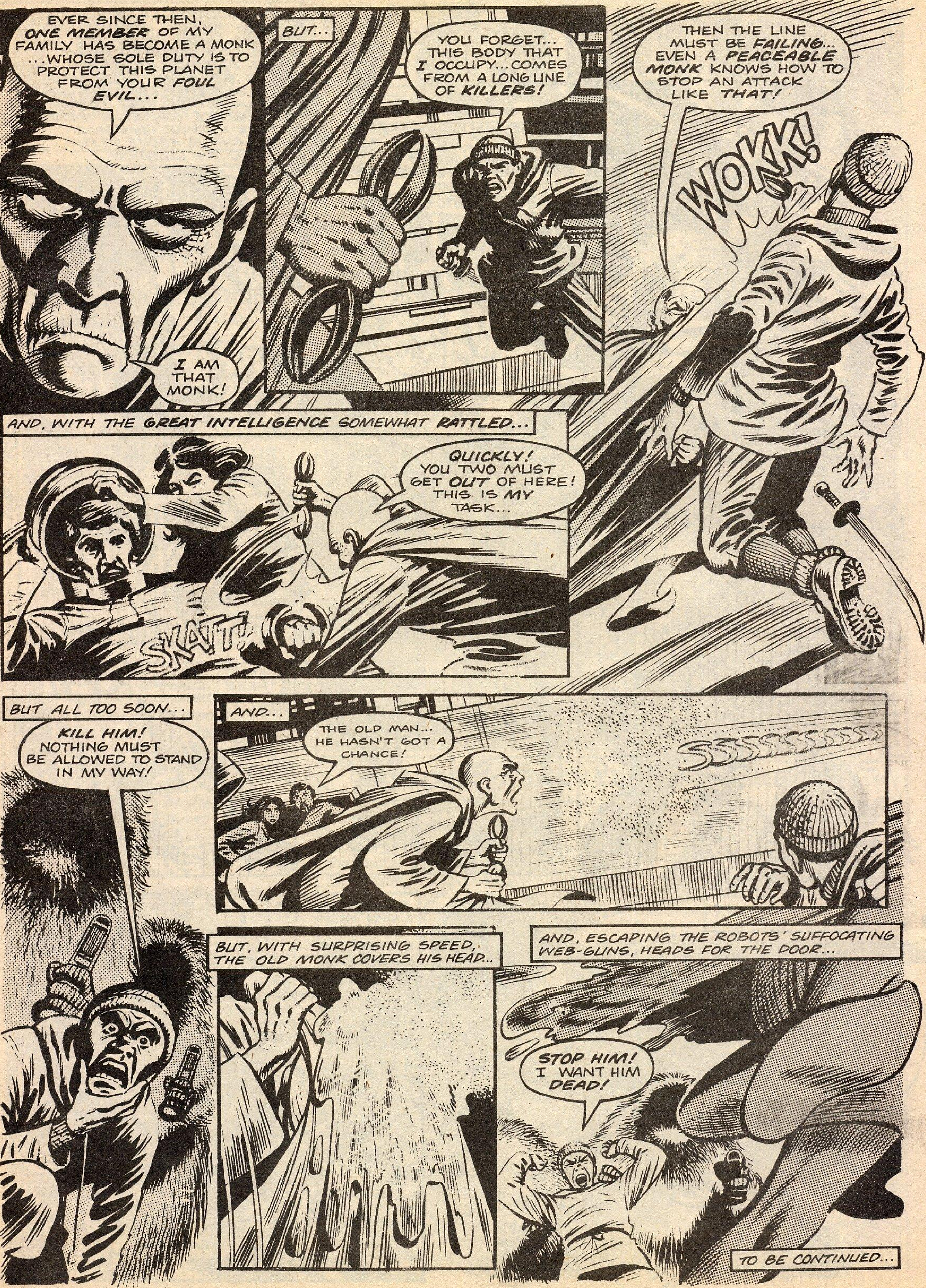
Signed, colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor have gone to the ten runners-up:

Aaron Byrne from Belfast;
Peter Chu from Liverpool;
John Anderson from Belfast;
Edward Rendell from Farnham;
John Gardner from Pertherton;
Timothy Rodmell from Lowestoft;
Mark Hillman from Brentwood;
Mark Cumming from Glasgow;
Neil Rosney from Runcorn;
Grant Meadows from Corringham.

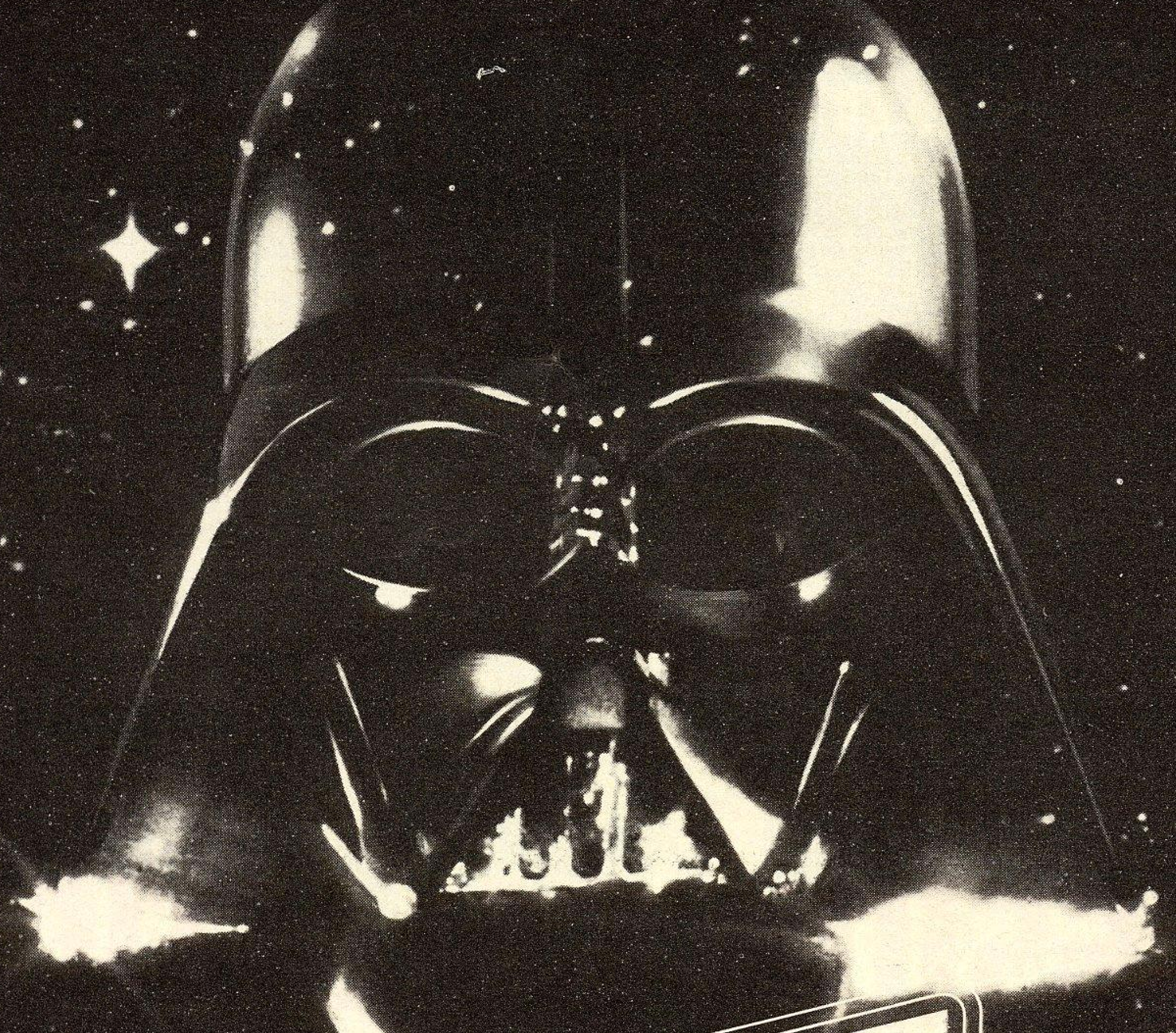
BARTENDER, I WANT A DENEBIAN SLIME DEVIL, *ON THE ROCKS*, AND A PACKET OF REGULAR BLOOD WORMS PLEASE.

YONDER...THE YETI


THE HIMALAYAS... BRUCE AND ANGELA HEALY, INTREPID MONSTER HUNTERS, HAVE FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF A GROUP OF ROBOT YETIS, CONTROLLED BY THE MYSTERIOUS GREAT INTELLIGENCE FROM SOMEWHERE OUT IN DEEP SPACE. AND NOW THAT SAME INTELLIGENCE CONTROLS THE BODY OF THEIR FORMER COMPANION, SHIRO, AND IS ABOUT TO PUT BRUCE TO THE QUESTION...
A PARTICULARLY NASTY FORM OF QUESTIONING...
YOU EARTHLINGS HAVE A LIMITED BRAIN CAPACITY...IT WILL TAKE ONLY MOMENTS TO WIPE HIS MIND QUITE BLANK...
NO... YOU MUSTN'T... HE'LL DIE!
AND THEN, JUST BEFORE THE PROCESS BEGINS...
I WON'T LET YOU DO IT..!
KILL HER... SHE IS OF NO IMPORTANCE...
?
MOORE + LLOYD
AND, AS INEVITABLE DEATH LUMBERS CLOSER...
CAN'T... GET THESE... CLAMPS UNDONE...
BUT SUDDENLY, AS FROM NOWHERE...
NO!!
GAMPO, THE OLD LAMA FROM A NEARBY MONASTERY...
YOU! WHY ARE YOU INTERFERING AGAIN, YOU OLD FOOL?
BECAUSE I HAVE TO... JUST AS MY FATHER'S UNCLE HAD TO FIGHT YOU IN TIBET, SIXTY YEARS AGO...


EVER SINCE THEN, ONE MEMBER OF MY FAMILY HAS BECOME A MONK ...WHOSE SOLE DUTY IS TO PROTECT THIS PLANET FROM YOUR FOUL EVIL...
I AM THAT MONK!
BUT...
YOU FORGET... THIS BODY THAT I OCCUPY... COMES FROM A LONG LINE OF KILLERS!
THEN THE LINE MUST BE FAILING... EVEN A PEACEABLE MONK KNOWS HOW TO STOP AN ATTACK LIKE THAT!
WOKK!
AND, WITH THE GREAT INTELLIGENCE SOMEWHAT RATTLED...
QUICKLY! YOU TWO MUST GET OUT OF HERE! THIS IS MY TASK...
SKATT!
BUT ALL TOO SOON...
KILL HIM! NOTHING MUST BE ALLOWED TO STAND IN MY WAY!
AND...
THE OLD MAN... HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!
SSSSSSSSSSS
BUT, WITH SURPRISING SPEED, THE OLD MONK COVERS HIS HEAD...
AND, ESCAPING THE ROBOTS' SUFFOCATING WEB-GUNS, HEADS FOR THE DOOR...
STOP HIM! I WANT HIM DEAD!
TO BE CONTINUED...

THE STAR WARS SAGA CONTINUES



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Screenplay by LEIGH BRACKETT · and LAWRENCE KASDAN · Story by GEORGE LUCAS
Executive Producer GEORGE LUCAS · Music by JOHN WILLIAMS
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